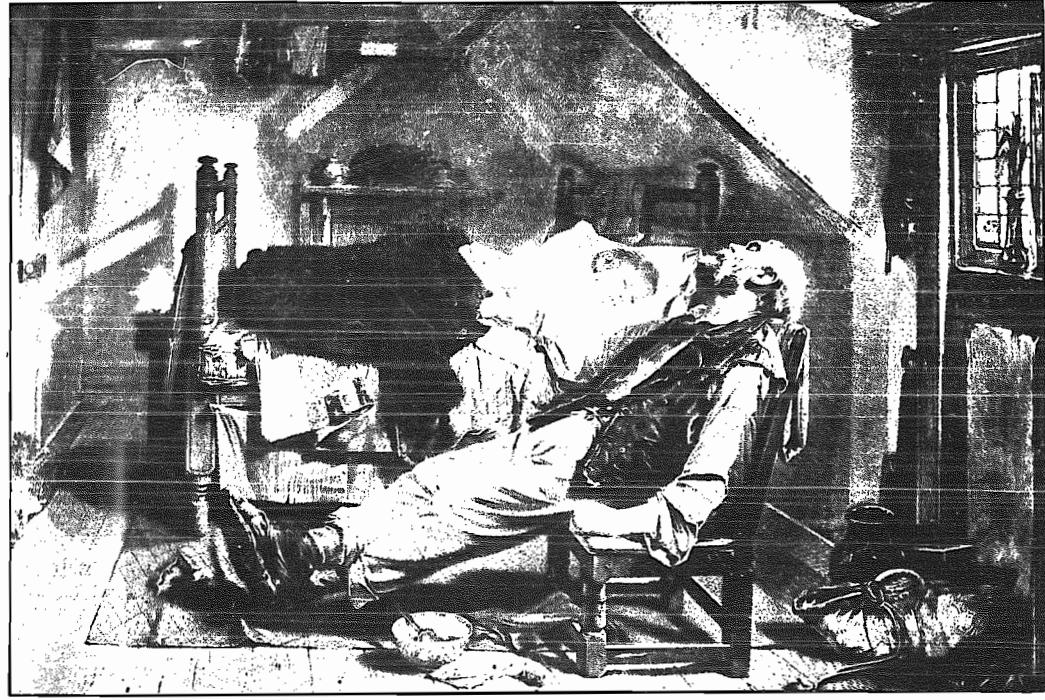


# THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN NORTH WESTERN AMERICA.

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## Wat Hardwicke's Dream.



**UR PICTURE** is of the reality—of the dream itself, but, as with all other of sleep's fast-told narratives, the dream grew out of the reality. It is ever from the scene of the dream that our dreamland borrows that touch of what life which comes back to us through faint joy or sorrow over faded pleasure or pain, and wake feeling we have already lived the day just coming.

Wat Hardwicke's posture told of the exhaustion of fatigue, which made the most uncomfortable position to be one of an approach to rest. The discomfort of the surroundings had certainly not kept him awake. We do not think that he had even seen the

curtains which often serve to keep a life body from the unseen, if only for a space. Jellies and grapes belonged to another reign of invalids, they were strangers to Wat Hardwicke's home in sickness or in health.

But though his situation had not been altered, yet the details of the bare little room, his worn-worn hands had felt the chilliness of the baby fingers, and taking off his old fustian jacket, had tenderly laid it over the sleeping form. His eyes, accustomed to strong glares of light, not used to the delicate reflections of his daily toll, had felt the faint flicker of the candle's ray as it struck the blue-veined eyelids of the child, and had screened the candle-alek behind the shades of the bed-curtain.

He stretched himself for watching by the side of the little May through the long hours of the night—he dare not leave her to take rest, even supposing there had been another couch on which to sit, to—when there was not, put two boys' work in one. Wat could not do. The hasty-pitied tools, those weapons whetted in

### Wat's War for Bread

had been laid aside for the more tedious task of love's vigil. The tired frame rebelled against the weariness of the night. My sleep on, overwrought nature took its own way, and Wat Hardwicke slept.

So the night wore on. The dread moment of midnight passed into the chilly

small hours of the morning, and then the faint grey of the dawn pierced the dirty easement, and threw a hazy glimmer across the room to connect with the yellow diamond of the pane, which trembled and sank as if it knew that its light was rapidly becoming unnecessary. A half-starved mouse crept out of its hole to see if there was any scanty remains of the invalid's scanty food, and explored the corners of the room for a few grains. Wat Hardwicke slept on—for he was in the land of dream, and felt not the stiff joints of his tired, chilled limbs nor the gnawings of the pangs of hunger.

He started himself, still sitting in the chair by the bed-side, with intent gaze fixed upon the baby's face, when he became conscious that another shadow mingled with the many shadows of that little room of dreams. But this shadow sought to mark the spot where it fell with light, not darkness, and Wat looked up in astonishment. A tall Stranger stood within the closed door, looking down upon the father and child. His eyes were set in a face of iron, and symmetrical with every feature on and under the surface of the little scene. When Wat looked up the Stranger was looking at the infant, but now he turned his glorious eyes upon the man and said, in a gentle, muted voice.

"From whom?" asked Wat, slowly.

"I remember mother said, when I first took up nails, that she was glad I liked best to follow the trade made

sacred by His name. But that was long since. Mother's dead, and her Bible put away. I have given up the trade, my trade left and precious little there is

in that that seems sacred—barely enough to keep body and soul of my child, together. If Christ cared for poor carpen-

not care to see my misery. Ah, I have heard them call us as they swept past in their carriages—heartless animals! Well, there's little about me worthy to be called human to be sure, starved and sordid in the struggle to keep the wolf from the door. But heartless—never!

### The Bit of Human Left

is my poor, aching heart, throbbing at the sight of such as this"—laying his hand, which had been clenched in anger a moment before, tenderly upon the wasted body of the man.

"They can have no hearts that say that we have not—pride, selfish—" "Hush!" said the Stranger, gently, but sternly, "speak not evil of those of whom you do not know. I come not from any earthly place, but to His home."

"God?" said Wat, suddenly. "If there is a God He cares not for such as me."

The Stranger lifted the bag of tools. "Our Lord once carried tools such as yours," he said; "they called him the Carpenter, and he carried them to him the experience greater toll, nor feel greater fatigue than did He. His hands were roughened with the holding of the hammer, His head pained from the heat of the sun, Its sweat

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### Strange Mixture of Poverty's Oddments

that strewn the little room with such disorderly dust, it is to be noted that in some vague way he had been conscious of an air of trouble in the disarrangement which seemed to add to the sad condition of his sick child. For it was upon her that his gaze fastened—the poor baby face upon the pillow, which he had been to him all day, ever a chilling reminder of all that was tender and beautiful in the rough carpenter's heart. And there was the swing of it all—for May seemed clinging away into the angel world, and there was no possibility of procuring those in-

ters still, would He let my master cheat me, sweat me, starve me?" he exclaimed, fiercely.

"His interest and love for you is unalterable. It is not He who changed, but yourself since the days of mother's Bible, and her tears and prayers of which you do not remember, yet you have renounced them all the others, but your own."

Then Wat moved uneasily in his chair, demanding what wrong had he done. If he had drank a little at times, it was to drown his misery: if he had sworn against his God, it was because of his sorrow.

#### "Misery is No Excuse for Sin."

Inculcated the Stranger, "and only increases your sorrow. Hard as the times have been—and you need not tell me of their hardness, for every detail of the misery of men is heard in the courts of the King—this poor, sooty-robed room is made for saving souls, young or old, girl's face pale, your resentful feelings toward the God who loves, pities you still. Nay, do not speak until you have heard me (for Wat tried to interrupt) 'the very hardness of your lot might make Heaven seem nearer, and Christ nearer.' If you mind not His Salvation, and your heart cleansed by that charity which 'thinketh no evil' of any man. Tell, however arduous, is glorified by the presence of God; is the soul that walks in His will."

"I am too old to change—too hard a case, hard as the boards I work on." But though the words sounded bitter, Wat's voice was husky and had lost the defiant ring.

"With the Master it is never too late to mend, while yet life lasts. For the power of His mission on Calvary is greater even than the curse of the great excommunicate. To tell, and can't put you right and keep you so now, and always!"

"What was His message?" asked Wat suddenly. There had been silence for a minute while Wat's thoughts had gone flying with remorseless pace through the past years of hard living, and hard thinking.

The Stranger smiled. "I think it is the Lord's time to give it now," he said. "This is what the Master said, 'Tell Wat Hardwick that I know his troubles from result to cause, and how to supply him with a cure. I have stood by his side at the grave of his wife, and sick couch or his bed, and by his side at the grave, thoughts, sleepless company of his companions, when he has sought to 'drown' the misery of to-day in worse. I have known all his toll, sorrow and sin, and he will. I will give him the power to finish his life-work in better shape, a man again, and with new heart in the same surroundings he shall glory Me, and shed a blessing on all—not out of his circumstances, but in them and through them."

#### **His Telling Life Shall be Made Beautiful.**

That was the message. I was to take back a reply," and the Stranger paused.

"Tell Him," said Wat, "he once much-hunted-for, and was the most important-sought-for. He ever had to work on, but He has the right tools and skill, and He shall make me what He will. It had not been the toll, but the way I have done it that has hardened me—but my heart is soft for Him to work on to-night."

"And He will—He does," responded the Stranger, smiling, moving from the bedside.

Then the child seemed to stir, and the moistened eyes of the father rested again on her face. He said little, but turned quickly to the stranger.

"I do not deserve her," he murmured, "but—"

"I think the Lord will leave her with you, at a time, when you may train her for Himself," was the reply.

The Stranger vanished, and the dream was done—but not its effect, for such must last for ever.

Dreams are often God's best imaginery in which to show the stern and true realities of life. This may be such, for God's Strangers—or Angels—visit in many senses still the consciences of all, though oftentimes "entertained unawares," reminding the worker that the Divine Teller is still amongst men, and that His Touch has, as ever, transforming and life-giving power.

A. L. P.

#### **DON'T DESPAIR.**

A YOUNG MAN who, without much human teaching, had been brought into the experience of full salvation, was terribly vexed every turn. He went to one who had long known the fight of faith. The answer given him was: "It is evident that God can trust you, else He would not allow you to pass through these peculiar testings. This young man toiled on—. Often, when looking back at those dark times as the moulding experience through which all successful workers for God must pass, Had he become disheartened, or drawn back, the victory would never have come.

# EVERY-DAY RELIGION.

BY THE GENERAL.

## COURTSHIP.

No. III.



Y DEAR COMRADES.—So far, I have taken up your time and my own in little more than settling forth reasons for caution and hesitation on this interesting subject. I must now come to business. Supposing that prudence and religion alike indicate the desirability of Marriage, what is to be done next? The next step, it seems to me, is to fix in your own mind a Standard, and then to seek a partner, which will be likely to promote your future happiness, and assist you in the great business of life.

#### Have a Standard.

If a man goes to Market to purchase a horse, before he starts he forms an idea in his mind as to the kind of animal he wants. He then asks his dealer, how in which to live, he duly considers what sort of a residence he requires. If a woman wants a maid to assist her in her housework, or to wait upon her, she forms a distinct notion of the character of the maid she wants.

There ought not a man or a woman to form a distinct ideal in their minds as to what is required in the individual they intend to fill so close, so tender and so important a position as Husband or Wife? Especially is this true of the woman who remembers that she is a Union that must continue as long as life shall last. If the horse does not prove suitable after trial, the farmer who has bought it can sell it again and obtain another. If the house is a disappointment to the husband, it can be sold. If the maid, or if the servant fails to fulfill the expectations of the mistress she can be exchanged for another. But should husband or wife find that they have been mistaken in their choice, there is an alternative for them. Their union must last until dissolved by death. There is no room found for repentance here.

I therefore advise all whom it may concern that they, by prayer and reflection, get into their minds a clear picture of the sort of commonwealth likely to prevail for life—comparing seeing that it must be a most unpleasant experience—nay, to many, a great agony—to wake up, after the Matrimonial Knot has been tied, to find that a dire mistake has been made—a mistake that only death can remedy.

#### My Own Methods.

The course I recommend to others I acted upon myself. Years before the time came in which I made any use of it, I had a Standard in my own mind as to the sort of woman I required for a partner, and I have no doubt it helped to pilot me through many difficulties, and to bring me through early days. Similarly, when but a young girl, my dear wife made up her mind to the same course. She resolved that unless she had reason to believe that the individual seeking her hand possessed some special qualities, or was in better what others might possess, she would refuse the offer. I recommend the same plan to my young Comrades. It will be likely to save them from some of the mistakes so commonly made around them, the result of which they can see in the world every day. Life-long marriages entailed upon them tens of thousands. It would be a wonder if there were not a great deal of wretchedness of this description in the world, considering the haphazard, reckless way in which matches are often made.

Saints must act with wisdom. I write for them. No matter what their

age, personal qualities or position may be, they can readily adapt my counsels to their own case, and if my Standard does not exactly suit the conditions of those outside of us, who may read this paper, it may help them to form one for themselves.

I will put my qualifications in the order of importance with which they strike me as I write:

#### L—Religion.

1. AND FIRST AND OF MOST IMPORTANCE MUST NAME RELIGION. That is Religion as interpreted by The Army, consisting of a definite experience of personal Salvation, involving what I have described at Exeter Hall a few days ago as the Three Points of the Salvation Charter. They are:—

1. A definite sense of the favour of God.

2. The possession of a Divine ability to lead a holy life, resulting from the regeneration of the heart by the power of the Holy Ghost.

3. A life of uniform devotion to the glory of God and the good of Mankind.

This is my first qualification. You must have that. To enter into Marriage relation, you must have it. You cannot be described in little short of Religious Malice, and must be in direct violation of the law of God. Spiritual things are spiritually discerned. Only Spiritual persons can see and understand them. Think of having a partner to whom you are an enigma and a mystery, who can neither understand nor sympathize with your views, your consecration for the present, or your hopes for the future: who won't understand you in life, and won't understand you in death. And not only who does not understand them, but has no regard for them, or you in them. The very thought is intolerable.

Paul says: "Be ye not unequally yoked together with Unbelievers, for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness, and what union hath light with darkness, and what agreement hath the temple of God with idols? for ye are the temple of the living God."

If that does not forbid the marriage of the sons and daughters of God with men and women who are not saved, and living under the direct inspiration of the Holy Ghost, pray what does it mean? And yet there are numbers who allow themselves to be yoked by worldly relations, led by sentimental fancies or animal passions into Union with the unconverted, and who, as a rule, backsides in consequence. Oh, what a crowd of men and women, especially women, are walking about the earth to-day living Christless lives, rear-ing Christless children, and leading them to a Christless destiny as the result of Godless, Self-willed Unions with the unconverted!

"I shall win him over," is the senseless excuse with which many try to justify themselves for such a course. Well, I say, the winning over is usually in the opposite direction. I have wondered sometimes how it is that with these mixed marriages the Christian usually goes over to the enemy, and I have arrived at the conclusion that the secret of this really can be traced to the fact that the Holy Spirit is grieved, and the Backsliding commenced, by the bare-faced transgression of the dictates of Common-Sense and the open opposition to the Divine commandments.

My Comrades, unless you have made up your minds to the rearing of families to serve the Devil and finish up in Hell,

don't marry, under any pretence whatever, except you can marry in the Lord.

#### II.—Salvationism.

2. MY SECOND QUALIFICATION FOR THE SALVATION SOLDIER, IN EITHER HUSBAND OR WIFE, MUST BE SALVATIONISM. That must involve:—

1. SOLDIERHOOD. The name must not only be on the Roll, but the heart truly loyal to the old Flag. There can be no peace in heart or home, or family, with any division here. You must sit side by side in the same Barracks, and stand shoulder to shoulder in the same fight.

2. TOTAL ABSTINENCE FROM EVERY FORM OF INTOXICATING LIQUOR. There must be no difference in spirit or of practice on this subject, or what example can you set before your wife?

3. NO SINFUL LIVING. A Salvationist's wife could not help looking with displeasure on a husband, who did not discipline him, who was addicted to this practice, and I need not say a word as to how a husband would regard a wife who indulged in it.

4. UNIFORM. If you have not got so far as that, anyway, you have got to be uniform. Anyhow, you have got to be like the Army, and you must have a partner who has done the same.

5. CONSECRATION. You are not your own. You say you, and I hope you feel as you profess; but if you are going to take to your heart and unite yourself with another, he or she must also be consecrated to the privilege and duty of body, soul, children, and all the possible outcome of the union, on the Altar of Sacrifice for God and the World. So much for Salvationism.

#### III.—Health.

3. THE THIRD QUALIFICATION IS HEALTH. I am not quite clear as to the importance of any inexorable rule on this point. I am not going to fight for a man or woman to desire health for a certain time, and even if they bring a strong, vigorous body to the union themselves, it does not follow that they should always insist upon the same in return. Still, this is not good, because it is not natural.

There may, however, be many things that compensate for its absence. Indeed, I thought there were in my case, when I was betrothed to my own Beloved. Although she was in very delicate health at the time, I chose her, because she was so beautifully made, so intensely divine, and seemed to me so wonderfully intellectual, which, taken altogether, made her appear so far beyond my deservings that her bodily weakness sank into insignificance: so I made the venture, depending upon God's mercy, and was strange how He came near and helped her, bearing the matter of health for the thirty-four long years she was allowed to remain by my side. And in the long run she was not only able to do more for her family, in the way of nursing, and for her home, in the way of training than most women, but to do a great deal for the Kingdom of God in addition, and how much she did for me only eternity will declare.

#### IV.—Affinity.

4. THEN THERE IS AFFINITY. That is, there should be as much agreement in taste and likings, both of head and heart, between the parties as will be necessary to ensure their walking together through life with a measure of comfort and unity.

All around us there are any number of husbands and wives who are not only religious, but devoted and consecrated whose marriage relations, if they cannot be described as perfect, are at least as possible, are very far from being happy, and are only endured as a necessity. Some difference in the temper or disposition makes them distasteful to each other. They may not quarrel, or have any open contention, but the wife may be weary and no fond feelings may be indulged in between them, but there is no real friendship, to say nothing of love. They don't find their earthly satisfaction in each other's company. For that they turn to the children, or to business, or to trifles or elsewhere, or they may find it in God, but they may not find it at all. There are other qualifications than those named that have to do with a happy marriage, which, if sanctified and hollowed by humility and grace, will add to the value of the union, but upon them I must postpone until next week what remarks I may have to offer.

#### V.—Forbid the Banan!

Meanwhile, it occurs to me to name one quality which must be possessed by both parties, without which there should be no account be any marriage at all, and that quality is LOVE. There is no love, in the name of all that is good and righteous in earth and Heaven.

I Forbid the Banan!

Your affectionate General,

WILLIAM BOOTH.

# A LEGAL ENEMY

Arrays Itself Against

## OUR : AMERICAN : COMRADES.



Commander Booth-Tucker.

**I**T IS NOW SOME FEW short months since our legal assaultants attacked our Comrades of the American Headquarters. A specially blessed Salvation Campaign woke the smouldering fires of opposition to the flame which brought about the Commander's conviction.

The All-Saints of Prayer held in the Auditorium of the Memorial Building has been reported as remarkable for spiritual power and results; but it has not been described by any of our informants as distinctive by its nobility. We appeal to the public at large to remember that the command of the Army's not too friendly neighbours, who protested against the sounds of Salvation made at that hour; but they did more—slanderously describing the songs that were sung at the All-Night as vulgar and even worse—saying that all-powerful processions of the meeting as demoralizing. The extraordinary and atrocious underground indictment reads—“keeping and maintaining a common, ill-governed, disorderly house.” The charge with the burden of proof ever raised a storm of righteous indignation from shabby and unlikely quarters—the.

**Absolute Injustice**

of this wording and the baseness of its purpose roused a strong feeling of sympathy on the Army's side. It was easy to read in this extreme charge the malice-littered of some negligences of the Memorial Building, and the great voices towards the staying work that had its centre there, although based in the nominal name of “the people.”

Although there was nothing in the proceedings of that blighted All-Night as what was done within the bounds of the law and for the goodliest and eternal welfare of humanity, once again the law was brought in as an excuse to give an unkind and hurtful thrust to the Army, and such complaints were made as brought about the service of a writ of habeas corpus upon the Commander and the convening of a trial which has ended in a verdict of guilty, surprising and dismaying thousands. It would be difficult and impracticable to discuss the probabilities that have made such a verdict possible. The reports of the trial, however, distinctly show two men that took place in Court that would have appeared to be in our favor. The talented services of the Honorable ex-Mayor Oakes Hall, were put grandly at our disposal and the result of the trial and the sentence was distinctly more substantial and well-supported upon the Army's side. Yet, notwithstanding, the result was in favor of the prosecution, and aimed a blow at the noble leader of one noble American contingent of

**Our Daring and Undeafeatable Organization.**

So upon the evening of the third day of the trial, Commissioner Booth-Tucker stepped upon the platform of the Memorial Hall with a court sentence hanging over his head, and a maximum penalty of one year's imprisonment, or a fine of \$500 or both.

The Commander's address upon this occasion was received with an enthusiastic welcome, a wise strame unbroken, instant, and the right purpose of one who had done the right thing in the interests of souls and liberty, and left the consequences with God.

Pointing out the wide-spreading influence of this strength he said:

“This is the greatest battle which we are fighting. I represent the rights and liberties of thousands of our people throughout the United States to worship God in the way that their consciences shall dictate. I represent the thousands of other organizations and missions which

conduct similar services, and the churches which may some future day desire to do the same. A dangerous attack has been made upon the liberties of one and all. Not only has it laid upon the similar Rights of the political organization, but it is to prevent the day from coming when a few neighbours, of either Republican or Democratic tendencies, shall rise to insist, for the maintenance of a public ministry, in every orderly house, those who may wish to conduct a gathering of a persuasion different to their own? Those political gatherings are at least no quieter than our own. The liberties that are theirs should be ours. The task before us will be to protect ourselves and others. This is the inception of the thin end of the wedge. It will pierce us and others at the mercy of the dictation of handfuls of neighbours, who will now be in a position to pose as ‘the people of’

I have only to add that we shall conduct our campaign in a non-violent, noble, prayerful manner, consistent, I trust, with the dictates of the Master whose we are, and whom we serve.”

The grave burden in my heart—too many to count: the evening of life is upon me; eternity's daybreak glimmers on the near horizon! I wish to spend each

moment in the service of my Master, to pray with all my might, to do my duty,

## Holiness Gems.

(From the Life of WM. BRAMWELL.)

“My motto, ‘Holiness to the Lord.’”

What shall we do to praise the Lord more, to promote His glory, and obtain greater blessings?”

Mr. Bramwell rose every morning at five o'clock for prayer.

He gave himself to fasting and prayer, and diligently sought renewed baptisms of the Holy Ghost; therefore he was “strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might.”

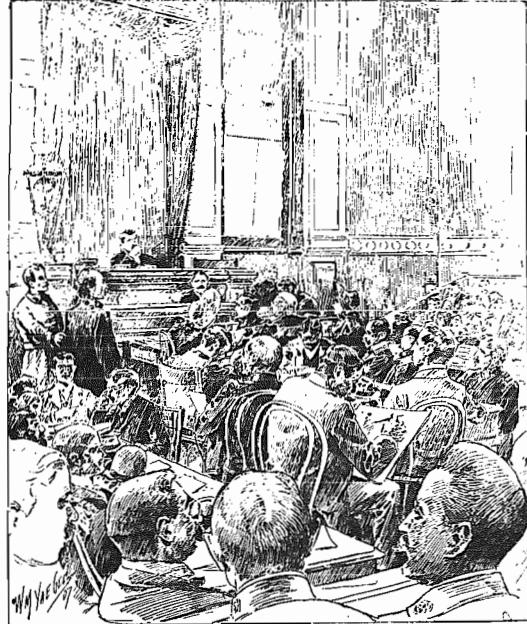
I see more than ever that those who are given up to God, in continual prayer, are men of business, both for earth and heaven. They are threading the world with composure, are resigned to wear crosses and make the greatest glory of the greatest cross.”

“To be all alive to God, is as it were two heavens: to be unstable, and not a whole Christian is two hells.”

“Intimate communion with God produces the fruit of deep humility.”

“If you are called to preach, or exhort, or teach, you are called to live, to pray, to walk with God.”

“Oh my brother, resolve to rise early; let not flesh and blood hinder, and all will fall beneath your feet.”



The Scene in the Court.

remaining hour—as I have sought to silence my conscience—God and the world, the man shrink from me. I realize that from the point of Blackwood's Island I may be able to preach a sermon, the echoes of which shall reach the hearts of more sinners and more saints than the platforms on which I have hitherto stood. I have no fear for you. You will not pity me, but you will pray for me, and I will serve you and our beloved country and the Salvation Army and poor lost souls and our precious Jesus with the last blood-drop that flows in my veins.”

As yet the Commander's courageous spirit has not yet had to take the actual step within prison doors for the sake of the liberties for which he is fighting. When he went to the Court on June 30th, he received this verdict, he small wavy already packed his bag, he should have to depart for the cells straightway, the date of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee (in general) did not live in this Salvation Is., there is too much sleep, too much meat and drink, too little fasting and self-denial, too much preaching and hearing, and too much preaching and prayer.”

Meanwhile the effect of the unjust prosecution has already been seen in nearly convulsions of Salvation Army Officers in different parts of the States.

A railroad engineer would soon lose his job if he attempted to reply to every little dog that barked at the train.

“There is nothing to be compared to this being taken into itself. The world, the notion of self, is all gone, and the mind bears the full stamp of ‘God's image.’”

“O seek men, the world, or self, or pride, is so shocking to my view at present, that I wonder we are not all struck dead when the beast of this comes upon us.”

“Show the greatest respect, and keep from everything harsh. Say strong things, but let your edge be smooth. This will make all men love you.”

“I must give myself away, for the sacrifice was consumed. I, too, must be consumed; self must be consumed; thus to lose myself in him and find in my gift: ‘nothing but God.’ In thought, word, preaching, praying, etc.” The reason why the Methodist (Salvationists) in general do not live in this Salvation Is., there is too much sleep, too much meat and drink, too little fasting and self-denial, too much preaching and hearing, and too much preaching and prayer.”

“Be a spirit entirely devoted to God. Pray continually. A greater glory will come upon you. You cannot tell what you may receive; but ask in constant faith; let your life be Christ's.”

“Live, my dear brother, with Abraham in believeth, with Elias in prayer, with Daniel in courage, with John in love, with Paul in feeling for the world (remember this was night and day with tears).”

—Selected by H. C. KENDALL, Ensign.

## MONTREAL'S

## JUBILEE HOME FOR WOMEN

OPENED BY

The Women's Social Secretary.

**Dr. Reddy Presides — Splendid Seven Years' Record — Citizens Say Home Deserves Government Support.**

The following is the Herald's interesting report on the great Social event at Montreal:

The Salvation Army Jubilee Industrial Home, 23 St. Antoine Street, was formally opened Wednesday, 2d June, Dr. Reddy presided, and Brigadier Mrs. Read, Superintendent of the Army's Rescue Work, addressed the audience with an interesting address. “There was a good attendance of ladies and gentlemen, as well as a number of the Army Officers. The meeting opened with a reading from Scripture, followed by a prayer from Brigadier Mrs. Read. The Chairman, in an admirable address, said that one very important feature of the institution was that no one was debarred from entering there, be they Catholics or Turks; if they were friendless or penniless, regardless of all such cases were relegated to the jail. In this Home they are received and helped and encouraged to lead respectable, honest lives. The motto of the Home, ‘For His Sake,’ speaks volumes. Dr. Reddy concluded by heartily commending the Home as a worthy object of the generous support and sympathy of Montreal's large-hearted citizens.”

Brigadier Mrs. Read, in a very eloquent address, spoke of the opening of the Home when it was first started on Plateau Street, seven years ago. Since that time 500 young women have passed through the Home. Of these twenty have gone to friends, 300 to situations, four dead, five married, six to other homes, the remainder are single. Last year 110 girls were residing in the old Home and twenty-nine children. A tea was given last evening in the new Home to former inmates of the old Home on Plateau Street.

Mrs. Read narrated some touching incidents from real life, which she rendered most impressive by her deep earnestness and simple eloquence. Rescue work was started by the Salvation Army ten years ago in London, and in Montreal the same idea has been resented in all parts of the world. In Toronto a civic grant is allowed for this work, but no application has as yet been made for the same in Montreal. This being Jubilee Year it was a most opportune time to make such a request, as a fund was needed to carry on the work.

The following motions were put and carried: 1st. That this meeting, having heard an account of the work being carried on in Montreal, and in particular the Salvation Army Rescue Home, has a good claim on the Government for financial assistance, and we desire to recommend it for consideration. 2nd. That the civic authorities be asked to grant the Army Officers of the Home authority to go into the Females' jail to see the women there whenever they so desire. Dr. Reddy then announced that the name of the institution was henceforth changed from Salvation Rescue Home to that of Salvation Army Jubilee Industrial Home.

After the meeting, many of the visitors went over the building and were delighted at the general home-like appearance and comfort everywhere apparent. The Home is in charge of English, Holman, and French Captains, Mrs. Fraser, and Lieutenant Glass. There is accommodation for twenty girls, and everything is provided for them free of charge. Ordinarily there are some who can pay a little. The average annual cost of a young woman is \$100. Separate day and night nurseries are provided for the children. After the mothers procure situations, they can, if they wish, leave their children to be cared for at the Home. This means a small sum for the parents. The money is entirely spent with comparatively little debt, owing to the generosity of friends, and is a proof that the value and importance of the work is appreciated.

In the presence of the Field Commissioner, Major Read expressed sincerest gratitude to the friends of Montreal for their generous co-operation and support of the work since its inception.

A cordial vote of thanks was proposed to Dr. Reddy for his services in rendering his professional services to the Home during past years and for his admirable chivalry of the gathering.

Be careful to make friendship the child, and not the father, of virtue.

## Eastern Province

STAFF AND FIELD

## Officers' Council.

Over 100 Officers Present—Three Days' Councils Great Public Gathering—60 Children Take Part in Musical Drill Action Songs and Dumb-bell Exercises—Wonderful Outpourings of the Spirit of God.

FOR SOME WEEKS back the Provincial Officer and Chancellor, and Officers, have been considering and exercising the great Councils which took place May 31st, June 1st, 2nd and 3rd. All the Officers were present, excepting several who were sick, and a few who could not come.

Monday, May 31st, was the great public meeting, held at the Hotel Attwells, and although it was a wet night, we had a fair congregation, and the Officers were in good spirits. The P. O. led.

TUESDAY MORNING was a fine set apart for the Officers' exercises, and was opened with a brief season to our souls. Officers then took out their hearts' experience. Major Pugnire read Acts 2nd, and urged upon all Officers who had come in from towns and cities, and villages round about Jerusalem (St. Catharines) one in part of our minds, and one accord, and go on for a fulfillment of the Saviour's promise. It was indeed a wonderful time.

During the Councils, the following matters of importance were discussed:

**THE UNION WAR.**—The Major showed the results of this, and several of the Staff also backed up the Major in his remarks, and it was agreed all round that our hope for the future lay largely in the Junior work.

**THE BAND OF LOVE** had also proper consideration and attention. The Major encouraged the use of the drills, dumb-bells, etc., and gave the Officers an object lesson in one of the public gatherings as to what could be done.

**SOLDIERS.**—Was another subject. The Provincial Officer mentioned that at present 1,300 Soldiers were on our Rolls, and he was anxious to make the number 2,000 before the summer closed up. He also mentioned the success of the Siege: 500 had been in the pentent-form, and Officers reported about 200 Soldiers se-erred.

**CANDIDATES.** The Major made special mention of Candidates. A Sunday is being set apart, July 4th, for the getting of Candidates.

**Outwards.**—Concours meetings, Organization, (that is, the securing of Sergeants to fill certain posts) and War Cry were also touched upon.

**WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON** was a Council held for Field Officers and Soldiers, and was a good time.

**TUESDAY MORNING** was a special Staff Council.

**THURSDAY AFTERNOON** a great wind-up, which ended with many Officers re-commemorating themselves to God for further service. The sixty Officers who had fared well here received their new appointments.

Sick Officers, and Officers who could not be present at Council were not forgotten. A letter was sent to them by the Provincial Officer, and both Staff and Field Officers gathered together, extending sympathy, and praying God to bless them, although absent.

A wire was also sent to the Field Commissioner, sending greetings, pledging loyalty, promising to push the war, look after Juniors, etc., and this was the Commissioner's reply:

"Major Pugnire, St. Catharines, N. B.

"Telegram received. Struck new chords of love and confidence for my Eastern Officers. Your assurances have bound about my heart with fresh strength. Your children are our hope for the future. Hold fast, push, rise! I am with you in momentary desperate effort for the people's salvation. Forward!"

"Signed)

**FIELD COMMISSIONER.**

When Major Pugnire read Commissioner's report it was received with a thunderous volley.

It was acknowledged on all sides that these were amongst the best Councils the Officers ever attended, and we believe we are safe in saying that every Officer was strengthened, and helped, and inspired.

**THE PUBLIC GATHERINGS.**

**TUESDAY** was set apart as a Juniors' Demonstration. The Provincial Officer, who has been pushing the Junior and Band of Love work with might and main, was anxious to give the Officers an object lesson of what could be done. Some few weeks ago, Ensign Adams and Captain Whitaker were appointed as sort of Ju-

## CAPTAIN FRINK BECOMES MRS. ENSIGN ATTWELL

AT ST. CATHARINES.

## Brigadier Read Conducts the Ceremony.

**CAPTAIN ROWE** and his kind and brave Soldiers did some hustling and banqueting and wedding a success, and though a heavy rain kept falling, the people flew to the hall, and all joined in the games, which in the way, were most beautifully spread with good things.

At 8.10 p.m. the barracks was well crowded, and all eyes were strained towards the door at the side of the platform where the bridegroom waited with his Soldiers on the platform, hand ready.—"Here they come, here they come!" "Now, then, all rise and fire a volley!" and oh, see the handkerchiefs waving; and oh, what a volley! The Brigadier and Adjutant Read led the way, followed by Captain Attwell and his bride, Miss Ensign Frink, who had her sister, Miss Harragovs join with in this.

and abiding presence be yours continually.—Staff-Captain and Mrs. Smeeton

6. Heartiest congratulations, praying Heaven's richest blessing upon your union.—Ensign Sims, Cornwall.

7. Congratulations. May your future path be crowned with success and usefulness. God be with you.—Ensign Seobell and Captain Mountney.

8. Congratulations. May every needed blessing be yours, brighter days, greater victories, glorious future. Your affectionate Comrades, Headquarters Staff Band.

9. Editor and Staff wish you long life of prosperity and usefulness in the service of Christ. Staff-Captain and Mrs. Harragovs join with us in this.

J. Compton.

Sergeant-Major Plumsted and Secretary Brigadier spoke on behalf of the Seniors and Juniors of the Corps, and said they appreciated the labors of the Ensigns very much, and prayed that God would bless them both.

The Brigadier called upon Mrs. Attwell, who said she praised God she was a Christian, and when she sought Salvation she had no idea that she would be at a funeral. Ensign Attwell was then called forward and received prolonged applause. He said it brought joy to his heart to know that he fully belonged to God. Apart from God there was no joy or satisfaction in life. He further said that it was in St. Catharines he had done his best to win the people for God, and now warned them for the last time to prepare to meet Him.

Brigadier then called upon Adj't. Byers.

Adjutant Hay prayed for God's blessing upon the union, and noted that it might be a great blessing both to themselves and a dying world. Adjutant Byers was requested to read a portion of Scripture from the Field Officers' Rules and Regulations.

The Brigadier then read the Articles of Marriage, and asked the Bride and Bridegroom, if they wished to be married under these Articles, to stand forward.

## ENSIGN AND MRS. ATTWELL.



The Ensign is an old Editorial helper and did good service on the War Cry and Young Soldier. We wish him and his bride the best possible future.

which they did. They both spoke up very distinctly; the "I will's" were A. L. The Brigadier proceeded with "In the name of God, etc." Miss Ensign Attwell kissed his happy bride, and oh, didn't Ensign Shon look interested!

"Under the good old Army Flag" was then sung with a good degree of enthusiasm. Treasurer Warren gave his testimony, and said that five years ago he, too, went through the same ordeal on that platform and never regretted it.

With them they did. They both spoke up very distinctly; the "I will's" were A. L.

The Brigadier then shook hands with the bride, and conveyed the love and good wishes of our dear Commissioner to her and Ensign Attwell.

1. Wish you both long, happy and useful life. Sorry cannot be present.

COLONEL JACOBS.

2. Would like to be present marriage: warm affections and heart congratulations.—Mrs. Brigadier Read, Kingston.

3. With you in spirit, praying God's richest blessing on the union.—Adjutant Alkenhead, St. John, N. B.

4. May Heaven's choicest blessings strew your future path. Much love.

Ensign Fletcher.

5. Heartly congratulations, long life, supreme happiness, God's choicest blessings

as leader of the Men's Training Home, and said he instructed the Cadets in the "Ologies. The Adjutant made an appeal for Cadets, and said he had learned to say "I will". And just here Adjutant Manton said "Yes, and you will say it again, too."

Brigadier Read red, "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers," and told the home the truth. A large number of friends remained at the end of the meeting to bid Ensign and Mrs. Attwell good-bye.

A wedding supper was now waiting for Soldiers and Officers, and the wedding party. It was a grand luncheon. The Soldiers deserve much credit for their faithful and untiring labors. God bless them! Is the prayer of the Prophetic Staff.

—|-|-|—

NOTES.

Captain Rowe treated us all with much kindness. What a friendly lot the St. Catharines' folk are! That Park is a great place for open-air. I heard that the collection for the soldiers here had had for a year. Brigadier Read did a grand stroke of business on the Monday in connection with the Commissioner's visit the following Sunday. Sister Mrs. Beaver is an old Soldier. She followed the Army about for seven years, and has now been a Soldier for seven years. She is 70 years old, and marches and sells War Cry.

UNCLE JOHNNY,

The Juniors' Friend.

perfection. The congregation much appreciated the music, actions and drills. Great credit is due to Ensign Adams and Captain Whitaker.

Six children wore special uniform, and under the direction of Ensign Adams went through dumb-bell exercises, much to the pleasure of the Officers and congre-

cation. Ernest, Bertie and Myrtle Pugnire, Flo, Aubry and Eva Gage, were the six performers, and eight well did they go through their exercises.

It was admitted by Staff and Field Officers that everything was a real treat, and very helpful. We trust Officers will go back to their Corps to put the same into practice.

**WEDNESDAY NIGHT** was a great Musical Festival, when a splendid programme was carried through. We had songs of different kinds, musical selections, and piano, brass, reed, and strung instruments.

**THURSDAY NIGHT** was a great Hobo-wedding. Major Pugnire married Captain Pauline and Dr. Jim Hindy under the flag. A great crowd of people witnessed the ceremony. We finished off with a great unitled conversation meeting, and the Provincial Officer committed to God the Officers, both Staff and Field, under the flag, and sent them back to their different corps to put the blessing on.

Major Pugnire was supported by Mr. Pugnire, Staff-Captain and Mrs. Gage, and although the councils are now at an end of the past, we believe their influence will have a long life in the memories of the Officers.

**GOD BLESS THIS EASTERN PROVINCE!**  
Yours in the field,  
**ROBIN RED-BREAST.**

COSMOPOLITAN  
NEWS ITEMS.

## BRIGHT AND BRIEF FOR BUSY READERS.

**SUCCESSFUL** anniversary meetings have been held in Denmark. \* \* \* **MAJOR TAYLOR** has been appointed Social Secretary for Australia. \* \* \* **ENSIGN WINFIELD** has been transferred from Jamaica to the United States. \* \* \*

**ABOUT** 130 Cadets have just entered the British Training Home for the May Session. \* \* \* **THE** total sum raised in South Africa for Self-Denial is, up to the present, £20,000. \* \* \* **THE** Commandant has gone on another trip to South Wales and Queensland. \* \* \* **MAJOR AND MRS. GIFFORD**, from the United States, are on their way to England for a short furlough. \* \* \* **COMMISSIONER RIDGEL** is on tour in the Midlands of Africa, expecting to be away for six weeks.

\* \* \* **ADMIRAL WILKINSON** is passing on his British Gulf, strong in faith for the reinforcements now appearing.

\* \* \* **FINLAND'S EASTERN** appear has been well responded to, the financial result being a considerable amount. \* \* \* **DR. SAWYER** and **BIGGADIE HOWE** arrived in Africa. Most enthusiastically welcomed. \* \* \* **MAJOR DEAN** is promoted Brigadier, and takes an important appointment on the British Training Home Staff, under Commissioner Ridgell. \* \* \* **NORMA MAE GLASER**, of Australia, has been promoted to the rank of Brigadier and becomes the Colony leader for South Australia. \* \* \* Colonel Kilby has gone with The General to Switzerland. Commissioner Howard being unavailable prevented by present engagements.

\* \* \* **NINETY-ONE** cadets were interviewed by the "Daily Child". Sunday at Glasgow saw, sixty-eight of them being new applicants. Five were accepted on the spot.

\* \* \* **COLONEL KILBY** has received an invitation to meet His Grace the Duke of Westminster to discuss the matter of the proposed training amongst the native races. \* \* \* **STAFF-CAPTAIN W. BEDFORD**, of the Home Office Cadets' Department, is appointed J. S. Secretary to the Scotland Province. \* \* \*

were weekly after the general meetings. \* \* \* **COLONEL R. McKEE** has had a return of his old complaint, rheumatism, but hopes to be sufficiently recovered to be able to conduct his Field-day demonstration on Ascension Day.

\* \* \* **STAFF-CAPTAIN LUDLOW** has broken his arm, and is unable to attend the meeting at New York, Friday evening.

\* \* \* **IN COUNCIL**, thirty Scandinavian and German Officers and Cadets of Greater New York and vicinity, under Lieutenant-Colonel Dr. H. H. Dr. Newman's Church was far too small for the crowd of Washingtonians who wanted to hear the Commissioner's report.

\* \* \* **CHICAGO'S NO. 1 SHIELD** supplied during the last four months 25,427 lodgings, 32,159 meals, and gave employment to 267 poor men.

**ENSIGN DE GARIS** is behind the bars of Phoenix Prison for犯人 of Phoenix, the drunk and street.

INTO THE BASEMENT fell part of the audience of Staff-Captain Nelson's meeting at New Britain, some beams having given way under the floor. No serious damage done in any one, thank God!

# Dead \* Broke.

BY MAHLAH.

## CHAPTER II.

**A**LLOT CHEER, MOTHER ? " W'y, blow my horn-som' ole mother o' mine ain't frettin' like a rain tap." A scrubbed and soaped head was thrust out of a rough round towel, the good-natured grin on the bearded countenance of which was changed into a look of as-tonishment.

"What's up, mother?"

"Ah, Sam, my boy, I was just thinkin' at you comin' in like that, tossin' yer cap an' bustin' in on me as if you forte-was made, o' the time yet got yer fastenin' on. Well, son, won't be better'n makin' your fortein'-gittin' spliced, isn't it, mother, to a slap up donnh like my Sally? W'y, don't yer know it's comin' off next week, ole gal? If a chap ain't to toss' his cap a week before that event, wen is 'e then? that's wot I'd like ter know? Anyhow, there's nothin' to fret over; Is there, now?"



"Wot's Better 'n Makin' Your Fortin—  
Gittin' Spliced, ain't it?"

For a minute or two the bearded head went spluttering under the tap, then ducked back into the folds of the round towel, and the conversation went on in smothered tones.

"Ah, son, my gittin' that place—it's the general shop in Market Street yer mean. My y'eve, mother, d'yo remember wot a blow-out o' errin' and 'interferin' we 'ad that night—you an' me, Sally and the young'uns, too? I thought the young'uns had had their bust right off the morn. It did go off well, though, that little didn't it, mother? We enjoyed ourselves proper, didn't us? Lor, we harfed! If it wasn't for you golin' inter the high strikes an' then gettin' a bit o' the muck-splinters, an' Sally, she didn't one o' them errin' backbones arter it. It was plucked, an' gettin' it in his whalepipe, an' 'avin' to be shook upside down an' put under the yard pump, an' goin' black an' green an' all colours 'fore he choked up, that ud bin the best little do we'd evah seen."

"Ar, the baby!" Sam's mother spoke abstractedly. "Little Peter! Somehow he's pulled through, though he's a bit thinish in the face, and weakish in the voice, an' not much o' weight in the legs. She's a real shiner to her, wot, Sally? Well, well, I don't grudge you your hit o' happiness, my boy; Lord forbid!"

"Well, but wot you're frettin' for, mother? You're don't worry well with the mangle, an' yet? an' enny day o' the week, I'll pull up an' see you, mother. Don't that you'd be any worse off, are it, mother? Curse, if I thought that there—"

"Lor, no, boy; I'm all right. It's yer self I was thinkin' about. But there? I don't want to spite you, or make you sad, so I'll say no more. Bless you, bless you, arri. Sam, since you bought me the mangle out o' your hits o' savin', I ken set in me chair o' an evenin' an' never 'ave so much as a worratin' thought o' the workin'—not one worratin' thought, I tell you. Sam, my boy, you old man, you right, you old man, you old man, you right, if you did, I'll alius say that o' you—you bin a good boy to me."

"An' wot o' that? I ain't had sort o' mother, have I? She didn't work, an' home to me, an' she'd been sent in late to keep me in a bit o' food, did she? Oh, no, not at all! But, mother?" Sam was thoughtfully pulling his hit o' whisky, and absently contemplating Mr. Trotter, the boot-maker across the way. "I'm earnin' money, though, at all times, Sally's gettin' sit at the match factory—that's twenty-thren shillin' week in an' week out. That ain't so dusty—are it, mother? An' it can't be Sally you're worratin' about! She's a straight up-and-down girl, I tell you."

"No, I ain't quarrulin' with yer chice, Sam—Sally's a good gal, an' a' gal—live in gal—but, Sam, my boy, wen there's maybe six young 'uns ter feed instead o' two or three?"

"Right, mother—if I era ain't Sally herself!"

A big hat trimmed heavily with cheap millinery, a red dress, a white apron, jet-

black curly hair, a pair of black eyes o' her own—this was Sally.

"Hullo, Sally! W'e cheer?" babbled Sam, coming across the floor. Her presence had evidently dissipated any gloomy thoughts she might have had, for his face lit up like a bright sun.

"Noo, I know you go long; so if you never see it before, Didn't I take yer to look at it at Mrs. Wenzel's the milliner's wen I last? Five weeks' runnin' lightphones a week?

"Five weeks' runnin' lightphones a week?" Sally asked, sitting down perched

into a bit of cracked looking-glass on a shelf. "Little Peter," he couldn't go to sleep for lookin' at it. He kep' callin' me back, as I was goin' out. 'Let's have an' another, Sally?' I says; 'my! you're grand! You're like a princess—just the very same."

"Your weddin' 'at, Sally—what it?"

"Wiz; I thought I'd just walk out in to-night ter try it. W'ready, Sam?"

"Ah-h" and Sam pulled on a brown coat, hollered his mother "So long!"

The average number of novels issued

## Interesting Items.

London's population increases by about seventy thousand every year.

It is calculated that the earth weighs about 6,049,866,000,000 tons.

The average cost of criminal prosecutions in England at present is £33 each.

Spain has a population of 17,500,000, of which number 11,000,000 cannot read or write.

The fire-brigade of London is called out more frequently on Saturday than on any other day of the week.

The telephone which extends over the longest route is that between Boston and St. Louis, a distance of 1,400 miles.

In Melbourne a woman gets twopence halfpenny for making a shirt, while a Chinaman gets fivepence for washing it.

It is computed that there are enough paupers in Great Britain to form a procession over 150 miles in length.

In every school in Paris, there is a restaurant, where free meals are served to the children who are too poor to pay for them.

The average number of novels issued

## Rest.

Matt. xi. 28, 29, 30.

ENSIGN KENNING, War Cry Staff.

 HESE VERSES, from one of those mines of inexhaustible wealth with which the Word of God abounds, revelling, as they do, the full and complete purpose of God for man, deserve more than the cursory glance and indifferent attention so often accorded to them. Who is there of earth's sons and daughters that does not desire rest, and what is more, does not seek it? How many seek, how comparatively few find! It is because "it is so hard to find, or that men seek in the wrong direction for it? The latter, surely! No child of man ever needed that invitation, and coming to Him, who alone has rest to give, was disappointed in the coming. Yes, blessed be God, there is rest from the burden of sin, rest from its haunting fear and dread remorse.

"There is rest for the weary,

"There is rest for me."

Do you, reader, know this rest?

\* \* \* \* \*

But rest from the burden of PAST sin is scarce the completion of God's project for us. "I am come that ye might have rest upon you and learn of Me; for I know your weariness and your heavy load." And so ye shall find rest, if ye will learn of Me, and let go of your sins. Rest is the fruit of the spirit of holiness. It is as if verse 29 of this chapter were written for the question of past transgression, and this verse to lead us straightforward into the Canaan of Promise. The former verse God does something FOR US; here we do something FOR HIM. "Take my yoke upon you, and other words bend your neck, submit to me, and learn of me, that ye may become my willing servant, and learn of Me." "Having brought us from darkness to light," and translated us into the Kingdom of His dear Son," this is clearly His purpose to possess the soul He saved, and to bring it into His likeness. "He gave Himself that He might purify unto Himself a people for His own possession." (Titus ii. 14, R. V.) We become learners in a new school, with new lessons and a new Teacher. Would we be taught in His school, and must we accept His discipline? "Take my yoke upon you, and learn of Me." So here after this period of greatest price, have you taken this step? If you have, then you have an entrance into His school. If not, then submit yourself now, surrender all! all! all! all! "Take My yoke upon you," your Master says.

"Learn of Me, for I am meek and lowly in heart." In this school the Master is the pattern, the embodiment of all He teaches, an example of what the pupils are to be and to do. How many have looked more to fellow learners than to the Master, to their books than to the Teacher? As is often said, "Look not to the world, but to thyself; look not against the evil. He knew where he stood, without looking to others for our example. He says, "LEARN OF ME, I am meek and lowly in heart." Say, not reader, that this task is impossible of accomplishment. His words, "Learn," speaks the possibility of your being able to do it. Those learned this of Him, those who had not been any grudges or ill-feeling in their heart against a soul on earth. Pride, vanity, self glorification are foreign to the soul of him whose spirit. But you say, "I have accepted Christ, my soul is surrendered, I know I am in His school, and yet I am not satisfied." Think not to learn the whole lesson at once. Remember your childhood school-time, with its alphabet and straight lines and hooks. Study Him, comparing thyself with Him, not another self—in all things obeying Him. (I Pet. ii. 2, and Eph. iv. 15, 16).

\* \* \* \* \*

"Ye shall find rest unto your souls." This rest, then, is not as heavy as the rest that is given to us now and heavy laden in verse 25, but something lighter, more like bearing His yoke, learning from Him; rest from struggle and inward strife, rest from perplexities arising from division of purpose and interests, rest from "care of what men think or say, rest because of His love." "Young men, lay aside to all works, 'rest in His love.' Here is the sunshine of His presence rest in your souls. But, oh, remember! No yoke—no learning of Him,—no rest!

## Will SHE ACCEPT THE BRIBE?



THE DRINK DEVIL--All this will I give thee if thou wilt fall down and serve me.

A prominent member of the Licensed Victuallers' Association stated that they intended to circulate literature extensively in the coming plebiscite campaign, and that special stress would be laid upon the loss of revenue.—Montreal Free Press

A Cartoon from the *Temperance Quarterly*.

and proudly armed his companion down the court in which they lived. The women standing at their doors eyed Sally's "army" with a mixture of admiration and envy.

The mother, left alone, sat silent beside the mangle. She had evidently got a touch of what Sam called the "mole-coldies." Her grey head was bent; her hands clasped; she moved not, nor uttered a sound.

Sally muttered : "Wish you should I judge? 'Im 'is bit o' 'apples? 'Tutut too much 'e'h' have through life, poor boy. Ah! it's the 'ard times that's comin' to 'im that makes me feel ; my poor son, I'm afraid."

The mother, left alone, and gazed at the houses packed together through the court, and crowded with poverty-stricken people, from roof to cellar. She looked into the court itself, and her eye fell on half-a-dozen hungry children quarrelling over some cabbage stalks and refuse in the gutter, as dogs might quarrel over a bone.

"Gord's earth ain't big enuf!" she said bitterly; "there don't seem room to live or breathe, or die, in this place! An' all the time you hear 'em say, 'Tain't for me to know wot's before yer, an' I praps it won't be all right; but it's sure to be hard."

(To be Continued).

God wants us to find out that happiness does not come by getting, but by giving.

Flight your way through to Heaven.  
BRIGADIER READ.

—I.—

Whatever else is said of us, let it be said that we are a spiritual people.

MBS. BRIGADIER READ.

## FIELD COMMISSIONER

## MISS BOOTH

PRINTED BY

## THE FAMOUS STAFF BRASS BAND

WILL VISIT

BRANTFORD (Wycliffe Hall),	July 1
INGERSOL,	July 2
LONDON,	July 3, 4, 5
STRATFORD,	July 6
GALT,	July 7

## GAZETTE.

## PROMOTIONS and APPOINTMENTS -

CAPTAIN WYNN, of Collingwood, to be

Lieutenant.

CAPTAIN WAKEFIELD, of Guelph, to be

Ensign.

LIEUTENANT FRAZIER, Winnipeg

Shelter, to be Captain.

CADET BRANDRETH, Winnipeg Training

Garrison, to be Lieutenant at Larn-

more, N. D.

CADET LLOYD, Winnipeg Training

Garrison, to be Lieutenant Regina, N.

W. T.

CADET MCLEAN, Winnipeg, to be

Lieutenant Oakes, N. D.

## MARRIED -

At St. John, N. B., June 3rd, by Major

Pugmire, Captain P. Parsons, of Fal-

ville, N. B., to Captain Hindy, of

Springhill.

At St. Catharines, Ont., June 7th, by

Brigadier Read, Ensign Atwell, of St.

Catharines, to Captain Frink, of

Woodstock, Ont.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH,

Commissioner.

## WAR CRY

## BRIGADIER AND MRS. READ'S

## INSTALLATION.

FROM all directions the advent of Brigadier and Mrs. Read to the Central has been hailed with enthusiasm. The Officers and Soldiers of the Province seem to be unit in their love for and confidence in their new leaders. The ten crests of the wavy wave which adorned the banner of the Terrible, when after awhile the people rallied above the disappointment of the Chief Secretary's absence and finished in a spirit of united and melting consecration to the War.

## OUR JUBILEE PROGRAMME.

PREPARATIONS for the carrying out of the programme detailed in our last issue are pushing ahead. Some are already set on foot and have been received with the utmost interest and enthusiasm by the Territorial troops. While not on the spot, we are involved in having some of all other efforts to secure the particular end in view, the Field Commissioner's scheme is one which in every item is not only intensely practicable but capable of great future development; so that in years to come this Territory shall look back upon something advance in our commemoration of the Jubilee Year.

## THE MONTREAL JUBILEE HOME.

OUR MONTREAL Industrial Home which is the seat of our Jubilee, is now in full operation, receiving a number of exceeding blessing. The figures given at the opening meeting are more than significant. "Five hundred" resonated with us since the Home's opening is a figure easily made, but those ephesians represent the total sum of contributions of Christlike Officers, without which such a total could never have been realized—represent the thanksgiving of hundreds of blood-washed hearts of right spirits renewed, changed lives of broken homes, and the joy of the whole and happy once more. Such a laboratory of blessing cannot but inspire faith for increased recognition from God of the work in the new and beautiful scene of labor on St. Antoine Street.

The results of the Jesus work to the consideration of the Government for financial assistance marks a progress in Montreal, where our successes have often been achieved under especial difficulties, though the army work additional prestige all over the city. This has never been a time when our Social work has been better known and appre-

ciated than at the present. There seems every reason to believe that this progression is a step to the actual recognition of our work in an official and substantial way.

## WEST ONTARIO

## We welcome Major &amp; Mrs. Southall

## ROYALLY AND LOYALLY.

Major and Mrs. Southall have been received at London with most hearty expressions of love and confidence, and great enthusiasm. In a despatch to his Officers the Major says :

"After a very trying journey of nearly two thousand five hundred miles, arrived at London. I cannot express the gratitude we feel for the beautiful expressions of welcome that have greeted us on every hand. We feel as though we have been here some time, and were already acquainted. Our welcome meeting last night was one of the greatest surprises of my experience. What I stated there in response, I repeat in this letter : 'That by God's grace, the love and confidence which has been so abundantly manifested towards us shall not be found to have been misplaced.' Our supreme desire is to be a help to you in your efforts for the advancement of God's cause. We shall be glad to embrace the first opportunity of paying you a visit, and trust that our meeting each other from time to time may prove a source of mutual benefit and blessing.

## THE FIELD COMMISSIONER

— AT —

## The Garden City.

## [TELEGRAM]

St. Catharines shaken. Marvelous

crowd in Opera House Sunday afternoon. Commissioner's address cutting, piercing, and powerful. Over forty dollars collection. Repetition of crowd at night. Our devoted leader weak but pursuing. In spite of physical strain she kept at the guns. Forced eternal truths on all. Tears, sighs, and conviction among sinners. The devil contested every inch of ground. People who never before attended Army meetings came to see and hear Miss Booth. The whole city welcomed her. T. H. Q. String Band rendered sweet and helpful music. Willie's soloing captivating. Mrs. Brigadier Read, Major and Mrs. Gaskin and Staff-Captain Minnie well assisted during campaign. Newspapers on Army's side. Record breaking week-end. Three souls.

J. READ, Brigadier.

One pound of learning requires ten pounds of common sense to apply it. Persian Proverb.

Adjutant Arnett says the foundation of the new Barracks at St. Thomas has not yet been laid, the building, therefore, is not yet informed.

WEST ONTARIO TENT BRIGADE. After a very successful series of meetings at Guelph, they started on the 15th at Berlin for ten days' camp meetings, to be held in Snyder's Bush.

That old Indian veteran, Captain Sibley, works at Printing House all week and throws his energies into War Cry work in spare time.

Brigadier Compton and Ensign Kenning went to the Model Farms Guelph during their visit to the Royal City. The beauty of the surroundings was only equalled by the kind courtesy of all they met and conversed with.

Private Stewart, of "H" Company, 4th Highlanders, in carrier in the employ of the Sheldon Company, Toronto has secured the "Empire" prize against all engineers in the laymen vs. bayonet competition at the Royal Agricultural Hall, Arlington.

At last—Adjutant (Sammy) Blacking, the only original, positively, on June 21st, the 10th S. A. B. Barracks OF COURSE takes to his beloved wife. May prosperity abide with the happy couple. Who is she? Why—Lieutenant Broker shire.

Lieutenant Payton, of Paris, tells of two sisters who were exuberant about the wearing of uniform, and both agreed to wear the bonnet in the spring. One of them was taken ill, and died; the other is keeping her promise.

Mrs. Brigadier Read met about twenty Officers at Montreal recently, and from all accounts a most enjoyable time was spent. In company with the ten they sat down to Captain Jack Wilson receiving honorable mention.

Brigadier Read and his aids—"Jumped" the Commissioner's visit to St. Catharines. The three papers, "Star," "Journal" and "Standard" each contained a sketch of the Commissioner's life, and also a cut of the Commissioner herself.

The American Tobacco Company has been prohibited from conducting its business in the State of Illinois by a recent decision of Judge Gibbons, who held that the company was a trust and under the laws of that State could not do business there.

Despite the fact that the summer is in the soul-saving interest is keeping up well. For week ending May 24th, the following are reported: London and Guelph, 5 each; Chatham, Hespeler and Galt, 4 each; Ingersoll, 3; Walkerton, Stratford, 3 each; Sparta and Galt, 2 each. Total, 35.

Ensign Kenning returned to Toronto after the visit to Hamilton somewhat altered in appearance. He was wearing a showy hat of very uncertain and kindly bent by a sympathetic fellow-warrior. The own brand new hat floated calmly in the gently heaving bosom of the bay.

SOUL-SAVING IN WEST ONTARIO. This week has again been a good one in the point of soul-saving. The Corps reporting the greatest number were Brantford, 6; Ingersoll, 5; Chatham, 5; Walkerton, Guelph, Clinton and Windsor, 3 each; Sparta and Galt, 2 each. Total per week, 42.

Mrs. Staff-Captain Hargrave wears a white band around her bonnet in place of the ordinary red ribbon as a mourning sign for the loss of a sister, recently. The back-driver who conveyed her with Mrs. Compton to the St. Catharines' Officers' quarter, recently, thought her very different from referring to the approaching wedding of the brave Allerton, he quiered, "Are you the bride?"

Adjutant Magee says : "We are very sorry to lose our Chancellor, Staff-Captain Hargraves. His straightforward, transparent, up and above board, common-sense, business-like Salvation Army way of doing things has won the entire confidence of the people in this way. God bless him and Mrs. H. and family. We welcome Staff-Captain Hargraves and pledge ourselves to stand by our Commissioner and General in the fight."

## Mixtures.

Ensign Holman, of Montreal, is visiting Toronto.

Ridge-Captain Hargrave speculated at Riverside this week-end.

Captain Dean has just been appointed to take charge of Woodstock.

Captain Montenay has arrived at London to assist us Coshier at P. H. Q.

Adjutant Ludgate, of the States, has gone up. Congratulations, Staff-Captain, from old comrades.

Brigadier Margate is making rapid strides towards recovery again. He accomplished quite afeat on his wheel this week.

Adjutant Burditt can boast of twelve yards of red curtain which he has originally written one report for the Cry, and that was in India.

Brother Walter Scott, of Guelph, has just completed his G. H. M. totals for the quarter, and finds it exceeds previous quarter's amount by \$5.45. Good!

Hamilton had forty-one to their knee-drill on the Sunday of the Commissioner's visit. Keep It up, Comrades! "The real Army custom, Keep It up!"

From Adjutant Ayre : Soldiers thinking of going to Rossland should first correspond with Officer in charge as to work and other matters. Look before you leap.

Of June 22nd is drawing near. THE PAVILION will be the scene of the marriage of

ADJUTANT PEASE AND ADJUTANT STANYON CONDUCTED BY

The Field Commissioner.

A lock of Napoleon's hair sold in London for £20.

Figures just compiled by the Statistical Society give the amount of money in the savings banks and similar institutions of the world as \$1,400,000,000. The United Kingdom has \$227,000,000 held away in small savings.



# HAMILTON'S SURPASSING SUCCESS

Laughing.

**THE SUN WAS SHINING** brilliant-  
ly. The water was quite smooth-  
ly, and a brisk wind blew just  
enough to make things fresh as the good  
steamer *Macassa* went on her journey  
across the lake to Hamilton. To improve  
the time, the Staff Band discoursed sweet  
music, both from the brass and strunged  
instruments, music to the delight of the  
passengers, while the singing of some of  
the Salvation songs brought tears to the  
eyes of more than one passenger.

But—we arrived at Hamilton, to find  
Adjutant Metcalf and Sam Landers, and  
quite a host of excited people to meet us.  
The Commissioner, who had gone down  
by train, had just arrived at the Officers' quarters. What a bustle it was, to  
be sure, with

#### Bags, Valises, Instruments and Children.

Some of the bandmen, who had brought  
their wheels, rode straight off to the har-  
racks, their flannel-severed uniforms at-  
tached to their attire. The remainder of  
the party, with the baggage, jumped in the "Triumph" wagon, and with dag-  
fly at the head, and huge announcements  
on the sides, we made our way to the  
Citadel. By this time it was 10 p.m.  
The drums were drumming away at the  
"quod march"! said Ensign Kenning, and then the band played splendidly,  
marched out for the open-air meeting,  
and a great time they had. Crowds fol-  
lowed. The inside meeting had been an-  
nounced as a Musical Festival. This was  
piloted by the German organ, and the  
bandmen gave a very good account of  
themselves, the singing, playing and  
speaking being greatly appreciated by the  
large audience. Staff-Captain Minnace  
wondered what a strong salvation talk  
would do with a street meeting.

A goodly number gathered for knee-drill  
on Sunday morning, which was led by  
Staff-Captain Minnace. The Commissioner  
not being quite equal to the strain of  
three huge meetings, was only announced  
for the afternoon and night. Many thanks  
were then expressed for the Sabbath Meeting,  
which was well attended, and  
was a real spiritual time, resulting in  
several definite "full surrenders."

#### Sunday Afternoon.

A tremendously rousing march and a  
splendid open-air meeting at the City Hall  
preceded the afternoon meeting. The  
playing of the band attracted much favor-  
able comment.

It was a great crowd that greeted the  
Field Commissioner with hearty, cheering  
volleys (filling the Grand Opera House  
in every nook and cranny), the hall (a fit  
of seats) as we entered the battlefield—a  
thoroughly representative gathering of all  
classes of Hamilton citizens. "Lord, through the Blood of the Lamb that was  
shed" was the opening song, lined out and commented upon by the Field Com-  
missioner, his wife, Major Gaskin, and  
Mrs. Major Gaskin voiced our petitions  
in tender, confident expressions of heart  
desire, then "Glory" Kenning soloed "Oh,  
wonderful love," and while the huge con-  
gregation sang the chorus over and over  
again,

#### The Glory Got into Both Hands and Feet

of quite a few of the Officers and Soldiers,  
especially those of the Bandmaster's  
company. The Staff Band maintained their  
reputation by playing while the offering  
was being taken.

Then followed the introduction of the  
"Goddess" (fourteen children). These  
lovely Hamiltonians fully appreciated  
the fact that one of the quartette was  
Canadian. Pearl and White sang  
"White robes," and "You've carried your  
burden," and as these two thy warriors  
began out their baby songs with touching  
sweetness, the audience fairly leaned  
with delight, laughing and crying and

clapping their hands alternately, with  
joy and satisfaction. God spoke loudly  
through those childish voices, and ear-  
then the tender strains of "You've carried  
your burden" touched my heart. "Ah?"  
said the Commissioner, "What are you  
burdened hearts here? Why don't you  
cast your cares on Jesus? He only can  
carry them."

The Commissioner then came forward,  
tilted his head, and after reading a few  
verses, commenced a most effective telling  
address. How that crowd "hung on" her  
words, as she vividly depicted the various  
scenes, when Christ gave sight to the  
blind and caused the lepers to leave him  
and go home again. In her beautiful de-  
scription of the woman having an issue of  
blood, pressing her way to Christ, touching  
the hem of His garment, and being healed.  
Eloquently she pictured God's  
masterpiece of creation, drawing the  
attention of the audience to the selected  
and spoke of God's wonderful ability  
in creating man in His own image.  
"Yes," said the Commissioner, "the Al-  
mighty has not expended all His energy yet.  
His arms have more strength in it  
than has yet been exerted. That is the  
secret source of His power and emanation.  
He has not done all the carn or will  
do. He has a great deal more blue than  
that seen in the sky, and much more  
green than emerald the allusion could  
ever suggest. He creates with His  
Almighty Arm, and the strength of  
that Arm is on the side of the good, but  
it is against the wrong. Men fight against  
God—lift a puny arm to battle with the  
Almighty, and then find at the end of life  
that they have lost their souls, until  
they have lost their sons, until  
they can make up for that loss? Nothing! In  
thrilling, impassioned tones, the Commis-

sioner pleaded with the audience. God  
is strong, yet tender, forgiving, loving.  
He will save—come now." For sixty-three  
minutes our beloved leader held her hear-  
ers by a

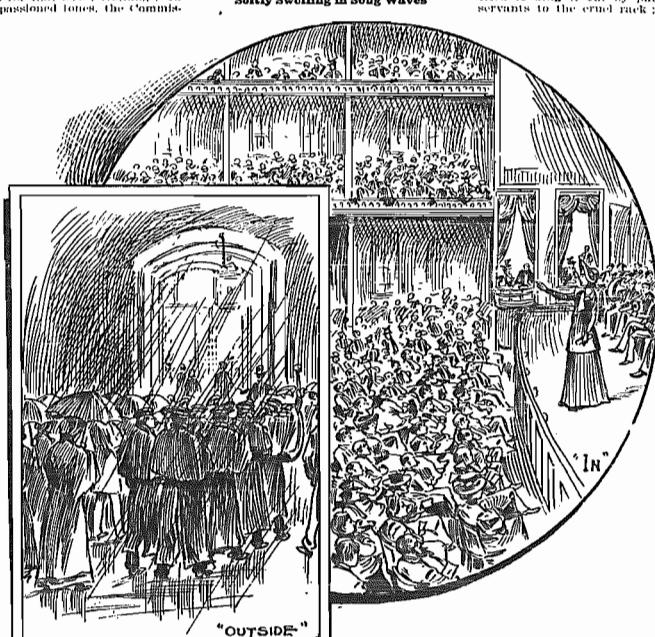
**Straightforward, Plain, Understandable**  
exposition of the truth of God. It was  
truly a marvellous meeting.

#### Sunday Night.

The crowd that moved around the  
open-air ring on Sunday night, was sim-  
ply superb. Never has it been my privi-  
lege to see such a huge throng of eager,  
interested listeners in Canada before. It  
was a splendid sight, and how they drank  
in the word of God. We, the officers, were  
simply filled with wonder as the mass  
swept along to the Grand Opera House.  
Inside, another great audience was al-  
ready seated, while others were rapidly  
passing in. It would be impossible for me  
to repeat that meeting as it ought to be  
reported, so I will only attempt a brief  
description.

After the singing of that old song, "Will  
you go?" Adjutant Pease fervently and  
tenderly pleaded for God's blessing. "And  
while we are yet speaking, Thou will an-  
swer us." The audience responded. God  
drew divinely near, and a solemn silence  
came over the crowd, interrupted  
only by the fervent responses from the  
Officers and Soldiers. Softly—plaintively,  
as though coming through the gates of  
Hell, like the roar of the deepest strains  
of "Hail," played skilfully upon the  
stringed instruments by the consecrated  
fingers of the Band. Then

#### Softly Swelling in Song Waves



was heard from the platform, "See from  
His head, His hands, His feet." The con-  
gregation caught the words, and the  
strains gathering tenderness and strength  
rolled over that entire building, and as  
"O let me kiss Thy bleeding feet" was  
being sung to a dying tone, the whole  
audience was melted down with holy  
feeling. Ensign Kenning prayed—and  
was at hand—the Holy Ghost moved.

Rising from our knees, the refrain being re-  
peated over and over, the Band then re-  
peated "Crown with thorns," while the  
cathedral was being taken up, in such a  
prae-worthy manner, that the congre-  
gation forgot for the moment, and broke  
into a hearty clasp as the last strains  
died away, and yet the deep spiritual feel-  
ing of that meeting was not destroyed in  
the least.

"Up the sun goes down, as sun,  
and then the Commissioner, little by little, held  
with flushing eye and a countenance full  
of holy light, gripped that crowd and  
brought them face to face with eternal,  
divine realities. The Gospel trumpet gave  
forth its uncertain sound, God's voice was  
heard in the clear, ringing message, deeply  
inspired—never having been heard before,  
been heard to greater advantage.  
Weak, yet strong, she thrilled that  
audience, and her burning love, her intense appeal, the Holy Ghost was in  
every utterance. "Men have tried to de-  
stroy God's Word," said she, "but the pres-  
ervation of the Bible was a true mark  
of its inspiration. Ah!" cried the Com-  
missioner, "by the crudest brutalities  
that Hell could devise, or devils plan, they  
have tried to blot out the Word of God—  
tried to drag it out by putting Christ's  
servants to the cruel rack; tried to de-

year it in the hungry jaws of an angry lion; hopped up martyr's fires and tried to burn it and its followers at the stake, and tried even to drown it in rivers of human blood. But, no, it cannot be done. "The Word of the Lord endureth forever." Beautifully put! The Commissioned Officer, the mastermind of Ridley and his friends, and then she told how John Bradford refused on the eve of his cruel death by praying and singing upon his bed, saying he was going to see the Master in the morning. "I am going to God," Commissioned Officer, taking the right foot on—*"His will never leave thee—and the left foot firmly on—"And the tides shall not destroy thee—he went up to the Marriage Supper of the Lamb—in a fiery chariot. Do not let the world deceive you. God must have us to Heaven someday, and the way to go so hard. Adam and Eve were in bliss in Paradise when they were ignorant of sin, but heeding the tempter's voice, they truly obtained wisdom—SUCH wisdom, and with it pain, anguish, sorrow and death. Disobedience to God threw them down from the heights of bliss to depths of woe.*

#### I Want to Talk to You Tenderly.

(And she did.) Is disobedience to God written across your sky-blazing out the light of Heaven? or has any one here done what Judas did—betrayed your Master? or, like him, been guilty of selecting Christ because of cowardice? Thank God, those have gone down to the Jordan "faithful unto death," and gone up the shining banks to the Golden City in white robes to live with Him forever. Shall you also go? "If we confess our sin, he will forgive it." Sing out, "and here comes number one." "Sing it again!" Over and over the chorus repeated. A young man came right from the back, making number two. The confusion was deafening, and although the hour was late, we had the joy of seeing another come to the Mercy Seat.

#### The Commissioner Took the Reins

for a few minutes, and we sang, "You may be cleansed from every stain." More prayer and singing, and we finished up with a hymn, "I am thy child." The benediction was pronounced, and we went home glad in heart for a remarkable day of blessing and victory.

All day long on Monday had the rain been pouring down in torrents, and as the hours passed, the clouds became darker instead of better! However, Salvationists do not believe in wasting time, and the waiting hours had been improved in various ways—the String Band having two practices, the children a rehearsal of their drill.

At last seven o'clock came, with rain still coming down in streams. Faith, which had been so high on Sunday night, got a very rude shaking, still there were quite a few who kept hopeful and bright. At 7.45 the band marched from the Church in the pouring stream to the Opera House. The Field Commissioner and children followed a few minutes later.

#### The Crowd was an Astonisher!

The building was nearly filled, except the top gallery, and every one seemed bent on having a good time—and a glorious one we had.

"Thank God we are out of the wet," shouted Major Gaskin, commencing the meeting. "Amen!" responded the Soldiers. "Victory for me!" went with a swing. Staff-Captain Minniee prayed, and "Amen, Ages" rose in song prayer to the Throne.

The three Morris brothers—Adjutant, Ensign and Lieutenant, sang a trio, which was rendered in spirited fashion, and the crowd cheered so loud and long, that nothing could quiet them until another verse had been sung.

The General Secretary spoke on the advance of the work among the children, and then the Musical Drill exercises were given by Dot, Eva, Peart, and Willis Gaskin. The two little ones fairly brought the house down, the people were in estates of delight, and the Commissioner decided to let the children do the drills again.

Staff-Captain Minniee sang, "Stand like the heroes." The String Band was a distinct success. Both playing and singing were sources of great enjoyment and profit, while the playing of the "Brass" brought a round of joyous clapping.

The children sang, "Pearl and Willow"; Dot, Jai and Eva did the dumb-bell and bar-bell exercises splendidly.

The Indian Club exercise delighted the people. Dot sang, "There is better world, they say," accompanied by the sweet strains of the String Band.

The event of the evening was the Commissioned Officer's "Merry," preceded by the singing of "Depth of Mercy." Although it was 9.45 p.m. when the Commissioner rose to speak, no one moved. Almost breathlessly the crowd listened to the tender, loving words of warning,

counsel, warning and inspiration. For twenty-five minutes the people sat there,

#### Intensely Interested and Unwearied.

It was a truly wonderful meeting, and when the Commissioner spoke of coming back again, the people cheered and laughed with gladness. A great welcome awaits our leader at the next visit to the Ambition City.

The Press devoted a large space to very favorably reporting the gathering. The Hamiltonians love the Commissioner, and "no mistake."

\$100 was the amount of offerings for the two days.

The week-end's meeting have marked a new epoch in the history of the Salvation Army in Hamilton. The City was moved and our Comrades cheered.

#### EASTERN TIT-BITS.

Sunday, July 4th, has been fixed as a "Candidates' Sunday." The Provincial Officer is asking for twenty-five new applicants. District Officers and Field Officers are expected to push this for all they are worth.

It is just possible there may be a Staff-Officers' farewell in the near "Sweet by-and-bye."

Bermuda (the beautiful island) may undergo a change of Officers ere long;

Mrs. Fraser is home on furlough, nursing Mrs. F.—dying mother. Pray for them all!

Over thirty Corps have changed Officers in this last few days. We believe for good times for the Officers and Corps who have been affected by the change.

Adjutant McDonald, of the Halifax Rescue Home, has gone on a well-earned furlough.

One more addition to the Province—Houlton, M. E.—Captain F. Clark goes in command.

#### Brigadier Read's OFFICERS' AND SOLDIERS' COUNCIL AT LIPPINCOTT.

(Special).

It was a blessed two hours and a half spent together with the Officers of Toronto on Tuesday, the 6th of June, in that little room in the basement of Lippincott Street. God was with us, and both the Brigadier and Mrs. Read very much felt the responsibility of their new position.

Staff-Captain Minniee, too, was at his best, and the Officers told out the feelings of their hearts. God knelt to us together. Then the Officers' "Soldiers" and "Friends" Council were reorganized at 8 p.m. in some none too enthusiastic spirit, resulting in a very unfriendly meeting.

The next day a spirit of friendliness returned, and the fact that ten dear Comrades sought deliverance shows that God was in the Camp. Judging from the spirit that prevailed in both these Councils, the Brigadier and Mrs. Read will have some glorious and triumphant times before them. May God bless and speed on the Central Ontario Province!

PRY.

#### COMING EVENTS

##### In the Central Ontario Province.

Sunday, June 27th.—Lippincott, Toronto, (the Central Ontario Staff conduct a day of special meetings).

Monday, June 28th.—Toronto Pavilion (wedding of Adjutants Pease and Stanton at 8 p.m.).

Tuesday, July 1st.—Convict Day, a Day of prayer. Victoria Park the rendezvous. All City Corps unite. Two great meetings. Tea provided.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, July 6th, 7th, 8th.—Great Provincial Officers' Gatherings and Councils at Hamilton (more news later).

Then look out for a typical excursion on the Lake, to follow all these exciting events.

All these gatherings will be attended by Brigadier and Mrs. Read, Staff-Captain and Mrs. Minniee, P. H. Q., City Staff and Field Officers.

NOTE.—A cordial invitation is extended to all T. H. Q., Social and Rescue Staff.

NOW FOR A TREAT!

The rarest metal is diólymum, and its present market price is £990 per pound.

The next costliest metal is borium; its value per pound is £25.

#### DAD SLOSS, Convict.

#### A STORY OF THE PRISON GATE HOME.

By CAPTAIN NIXON.

**STORY OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.**—Archie Sloss, born in Glasgow of drunken and thieving parents. At seven years old by a gang of ruffians. At ten a prostitute. His motto: "Risk nothing, gain nothing." Prison experience began at sixteen. Seven years. After three years and a half out on ticket of leave. Caught again. Seven years. Escaped from prison. Re-caught.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### A Floating Hell.

THE GOOD SHIP "Albatross," specially chartered, lay in the Thames, off Woolwich Convict Depot. The purpose was to carry three hundred convicts to the Bermudas, and Archie Sloss specially selected as one of the number.

The Bermudas are a group of about three hundred small British islands in the Atlantic, mostly barren and uninhabited, with a population to-day of fifteen thousand. The islands lie between the 30th and 34th degrees of north latitude, and in a similar line nine hundred miles east from Charleston on the east coast of North America.

When Archie was retaken in Drury Lane, he was sent before the prison directors, and sentenced to one month's imprisonment. He was to be confined in iron, and to wear a "canary" suit, which was a gaudy mixture of yellow and black for purposes of quick identification amongst the other men, because he had shown himself to be a slippery and extra-clever criminal.

"They say, Ah! you're back again," said Archie, speaking of his reception. "Yes," says I, "and I'll get away again."

"Never," they say. "Never again. We'll break you in, and—

##### Properly Tame You.

At this time," said Archie, "you don't know who you are talking to. All the bread-and-water diets, and chains and floggings, and threats, and prisons and warders in the world will never tame me."

In all these words Archie spoke a great truth. In all his prison experience, not one of the officers or warders ever made an impression on his mind for good upon him.

He was a bad-and-born criminal, and all materialism that was tried upon him only hardened his heart and strengthened his will in the paths of vice.

The first time he came to the colonies, who had been selected as compulsory passengers to the Bermudas were men of the most desperate and hardened characters. Some of them were "lifers," and some had escaped hanging through a flaw or a doubtful evidence at the trial.

Archie was associated with such men only advanced his skill further in the book of criminality. His mind was more fixed than ever to be a law-breaker, and wago was upon society and against all moral Right.

It was seven o'clock one morning when the three hundred convicts went on board the good ship "Albatross." A strong force of sentries were on duty, with loaded muskets ready to shoot any man down who attempted to escape by diving overboard or otherwise.

##### The Silent System

was not in vogue in these days, and every man expressed his feelings in a very emphatic manner at being transported to a God-forsaken world like the lonely Bermudas, layed out in the shape of up-to-date "civilization," where "decent" and "likely places," and similar attractions to the criminal mind were not.

The convicts cursed everything and everybody. After exhausting the swearer's vocabulary, they curs'd the English language for its dearth of words to give vent to their feelings, and some even wished for a conversant knowledge of the Chinese language, whose alphabet contained thousands of characters, so that a continual stream of new oaths and curses might play a part in their terrible denunciations.

There was no mistake, it was a ship-load of human wreckage—just as many men as could fit them being carried away to be dumped down on an out-of-the-way corner of the earth.

There was no Salvation Army Social Scheme in those days; but, out of these three hundred convicts, four of them, after many years of rough tumbling about the world, reached the Salvation Army Prison Home in London.

Many of them died of yellow fever in the Bermudas. Some died from other causes. Some remained on the islands after completing their sentences; but

the Salvation Army, with its humane and godly methods, was the means of effectually reforming and

##### Changing the Lives

and characters of four convicts out of this ship-load of three hundred, and Archie Sloss was one of them.

The Salvation Army asks the world to judge its Social Work according to results, and the grand success of the Army's work among criminals ought to commend itself to all right-thinking men who have the nation's welfare at heart.

(To be Continued).

—THE—

#### THE NEW PROVINCIAL OFFICER OF THE CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE

Makes His First Official Visit of St. Catharines.

Brigadier Read, accompanied by Adjutants Manton, Hay and Brother Sims, did three days' spiritual services at St. Catharines, including the wedding of Ensign Attwells and Captain Frink.

Hand to the front. We marched to the open-air stand and soon had a fine audience. Brigadier asked some of the shipkeepers for the loan of a chair, and within half an hour had nine, and preachers on top of them.

Kneecrills, 7 a.m., twenty-three present. The topic was "Cross-bearing." Adjutant Hay said that any profession of Jesus Christ which brings no nobleness to the soul is not worth the name. Two souls, torn from corruption, came to the altar; she had great struggles at home, and had been rather impatient with her drunken husband, but now believed that God would help her to be more sympathetic. I tell you, Adjutant Manton did shout! I was wondering if he was accustomed to kneeling.

The Holiness Meeting at 11 a.m. was a beauty. BROTHER SIMS, in his testimony, referred to the meaning of the word, ST. CATHARINES. He said it meant "cleaned, or pure, and quoted the text, "So HE IS."

BRIGADIER spoke on false prophets, and said he sometimes met them in Army uniforms, but inwardly they were dangerous busy-bodies and injurious to have about. BEWARE OF THEM. Ye shall know them by their uniform, but by their fruits.

At 3 p.m. we had a great turn-out, and marched to the park, where about four hundred people listened to us. Many were especially won over by the Adjutants' voices, lifting voices from the 3rd Psalm, 7th verse: "But ye shall die like men and like one of the princes." Many smiled when he commenced, but before he got through their smiling was turned to weeping. Adjutant Manton made a speech in the open field.

6.30 p.m. found the Brigadier having a friendly chat with the Local Officers. Each one voluntarily signed a pledge to assure the Commissioner that they would do their utmost to make her visit a success on the following Saturday.

English Attwells, who for the past three months had been in charge of the Corp, home to say farewell in the evening. He said God had been with him during his stay in St. Catharines; he had been very anxious over the people, and had been afraid to go back to his wife and family, and would stand before God, and earnestly besought them to seek reconciliation with their Heavenly Father. Adjutant Manton read the lesson on Backslidings. The Adjutants' voices could be heard in the songs of Zion from their hearts, and after giving his own experiences on these lines, he urged the wanderers to come home. Brigadier pulled in the net, and after a hard struggle, a dead Juniper sought the Salvation stand up on the grass, and gave his testimonies. Of course, he said the Brigadier gone, so he and Captain Rowe had a Newfoundland dance. A special request was now made for a collection to pay the travel-mage of the specks, which was made up

"It is said of one man at the Conference, that he labored for an hour to make a speech, and that he knew something. Oh, poor labor! Are not numbers now nothing? How shall such give an account to God? A man goes into Conference with this idea: 'I am determined to will make the dear Circuit know that I am somebody.' My dear brother, the Salvation Army of souls, and, in God's power, a soul brought to God, in every God's labor is of the greatest consequence."

—Wm. Bramwell.

YOUR OWN SOUL. Here is the point on which all effort revolves, and if work for God is done from a pure motive, such work is bound to be full of power.

BRIGADIER READ.

## Moncton, N. B., District.

"Oh, the good we all may do while the days are going by!" Captain Lorimer met an old gentleman the other day, who wears an Army badge, and has been a member for some time, but he has never yet attended an Army meeting. The Army has been a great blessing to him. He told the Captain that some years ago he had a child at the point of death, and while watching over him called to the Lord for help. An Army Officer called and prayed that the child might be restored to health. The Lord answered prayer and raised the child up again. The old gentleman claims that that prayer of faith not only saved the child, but has been the means of his conversion. Before this he had been a drunkard and a very bad man, but since he has been kept by the power of God.

We had a high time at the Thirtieth Anniversary meeting of the Salvation Army—Montreal, May 2nd, 3rd and 4th, conducted by Staff-Captain Gage.

Thirty-five attended 7 a.m. knee-drill Sunday, which gave things a good start. A fire broke out while the Staff was bringing the witness meeting to a close. Although this was only a stone's throw from the barracks, four souls came out for a clean heart.

The Timbrel Band, composed of ten players, led on by Mrs. Miller, did a good stroke.

We had a special anniversary song composed by ———. The following is one verse :

We have Sergeant McLean,  
In soldier Cry she's not green;  
Sister Stoof and Crossman push them  
well,

And Sister Smith is not slow,  
but through sunshine, rain or snow,  
These sisters boom the W. C. all they  
can.

We had a wonderful open-air Monday afternoon, and a novel march at night, when most all nations were represented. Every Comrade spoke on the country they represented, while we all went. About \$5 was the income for the three days.

Captain and Mrs. Jennings, who have fought a good fight at Amherst, have bade farewell. Captain Steepe and Lieutenant Hinch take their place full of faith for an all-round victory.

SACKVILLE—Some weeks ago, Captain McKay, who has been in charge of this Corps for some time, took very sick, and has been under the doctor's care ever since. Captain Goodwin and Lieutenant McPherson have just taken charge, and although they are sought after by the War Cry, have not been able to start a Soldier's meeting. Not started, I'm sure every thing will come up to the mark now.

Lieutenant Huynan is not very large, but he's all there in charge of Hillsboro Circle, and I'm sure things ought to hum while he has Cadet Hamilton to assist him.

Captain G. Allen and Lieutenant Seilek have just taken charge of the Sussex Corps, and with such a noble band of Soldiers, something ought to be done if the soul-saving line—G. Miller, D. O.

### Moose Jaw.

The war is progressing favorably. All forces pulling together. The Cross is not greater than His grace. Hallelujah! J. H. Middagh, R. C.

### Valley City, N.D.

Two souls since last report, one at Sutora, a small place west of here, another in a school-house not far from Sutora.—Lieutenant E. Kenner.

### Morden.

Captain McGill has just taken command here. In welcoming the Captain we welcome an old warrior, and by the grace of God we are going in for victory!

Lieut. P. H. Brown.

### Farrabora, N.B.

We arrived here Friday evening. Welcome meetings on Sunday; crowds and attention good. Closed the day with two souls for Salvation.—L. H. Larder, Capt.

### Norwich.

God is helping, War Cry sold out. One unsaved young man volunteered to sell five. With God at our back, we shall have victory.—Capt. King and Lieut. Painter.

### Prince Albert.

Asleep I, I cannot say! Are in for war, and pressing the devil very close. Expect a great trial under your own Officers. Soldiers loyal—Charles Hinchey for Capt. Gibbs and Lieutenant Collins.

### Wingham.

Wingham is advancing. Just taken charge. Five souls have sought the bless-

ing: one for Salvation. Staff-Captain Turner with us week-end. Times of blessing.—Lieut Bonny for Capt. Barker.

### Listowel.

Had Ensign Andrews with his Lantern with us for Saturday and Sunday. The District Officer has taken our Lieutenant, and we all liked him so much. Praise God, nobody can tire our Salvation.

E. M. Archer, Regt. Cor.

### Lunenburg, N.S.

Our dear Officers farewelled Sunday. The evening meeting, God's power felt as never before. Soldiers sang together, "God be with you we will meet again," which was felt very keenly by all present.

S. M. M.

### Gananoque.

Gananoque had a run of specials within the month. Ensign Slim, with Lantern, Mrs. Bright, Dr. Bell's lecture in Grace Church, Lester's Singing Band, with a tornado of music. Lord, Bless them all! Amen!—J. T. Funnell, O.

### Fargo N.D.

Hallelujah! The Fargo Corps is all alive for God. We have had within the last week four productive meetings. The fountain, two for Salvation and two for cleansing. Praise God! Our motto is "Never give in!"—Captain Baxter.

### Rat Portage.

Cadet Estrem, first Cadet from Rat Portage, farewelled us with a visit to Wm. Barr Garrison, May 2nd. Good time at Farewell. Two souls saved, one a black-shearer. Still there's more to follow. Glory be to God!—A. Graham, Lieutenant.

### Strathroy.

Magnificent time on Sunday. God's power manifested in the conversion of two precious souls, one of which rose up from the seat in which she was sitting, went as far as the door; God's Spirit arrested her, brought her to Himself.

Lieut. G. Flynn.

### Brampton.

Arrived in Brampton; found Soldiers all smiling and happy. They had arranged to have Ice-Cream Social to welcome the new Officers. We had a good time; everybody enjoyed themselves. Good crowd at Junior meeting. Yours to fight, Lieutenant Young.—J. M. O'Neill, Captain.

### Pleuto.

Arrived in Pleuto; found Soldiers all smiling and happy. They had arranged to have an Ice-Cream Social to welcome the new Officers. We had a good time; everybody enjoyed themselves. Good crowd at Junior meeting. Yours to fight, Lieutenant Young.

### Wallaceburg.

On coming here we found a band of Blood and Fire fighting, praying Soldiers. God has given us victory. Four precious souls have sought the Saviour, and six others have dedicated their lives and their consecration to Jesus.—John Crawford, Captain; Ida Stitzer, Lieutenant.

### St. Jacobs.

We just closed special meetings, in which our Captain Rawling, Adjutant Captain Ethel, Captains Ward, Jenkins and Bowring, and Capt. God come near and blessed us, and least of all, saved three precious souls.—C. Stata, Captain; L. Williams, Lieutenant.

### Dillon.

We are going on to victory in this place. God is helping us to fight on through all the difficulties. We have great open-air meetings; people listen very attentively. We are praying that they shall not only listen, but that they shall yield and come to Jesus.—M. A. Witc, Ensign.

### Valley City.

Since last report, we have had ten for-ward for Salvation, six Juniors and four Seniors. We have held two meetings at Samborn, where Rev. Mr. Beales kindly gave us the use of his church, and where in the last meeting held there, four came out and took their hearts to God. Hallelujah!—Lieut. E. Knecht.

### Pembroke.

Captain Molke, of Arnprior, with us for Thursday night. Enjoyed her visit very well.

Good week-end; one soul in the Fountain yesterday afternoon. Twas a hard fight, but thank God, victory came.

Our God shall have the victory.—Yours to fight and win, B. LeDrew, Captain.

### Edmonton.

Had a visit from Ensign McKenzie, with his new Talking Machine. The people appreciated it immensely. It can speak for the collection, too. The Ensign at front. Good crowds. Sister McKay has been appointed local Agent for the G. B. M. Scheme. God bless her and give her much success.—H. Kriger, Cor.

### Bracebridge.

Bracebridge Soldiers on fire for God, and we are having the victory. There is hardly a week passes over without seeing some one coming to God. We are in for

a big time here this summer. The War must go on. Every shoulder to the wheel. Unitedly we shall conquer. We love the Comrades and people, and shall do all we can to lend them to victory.

Josh Jones, Ensign.

### Halifax I.

Adjutant Crofton away to the Council, and Captain McIntyre holding the fort. The Lord is helping us to victory. We had Captain Parsons and bridge and band over to the meeting, both singing. We wish them much joy and pray that they will be the means of saving many souls. They go to Liverpool, N. S. May the Lord bless them!—See. Captain G. Lewis.

### Richmond St.

Sunday we had the Musical Family. A nice crowd in the open-air and good entertainment. Ensign Slim, with Lantern, Mrs. Bright, Dr. Bell's lecture in Grace Church, Lester's Singing Band, with a tornado of music. Lord, Bless them all! Amen!—J. T. Funnell, O.

William Lewis.

### Annestadt, Mont.

God is with us, and His saving power has been manifested in our midst. Since last report three have come to the Cross, and four more are preparing to do the same. Hallelujah! We have had an acre-social social and realized \$40.00, which enabled us to clear off some debt. Our meetings are well attended, and the Army has many friends in Annestadt. God bless them!—Ensign S. Smith, Captain V. Lester.

### Peterboro.

God's promises are true. Hallelujah! His blessed presence was felt in our midst all day Sunday. Adjutant and Mrs. Wiseman said farewell on Sunday night. We had a good time, and the Lord has used them while in our midst in winning souls for His Kingdom. They are going on a rest to their homes, and we pray God to go with them. We believe He will. God bless them, is each Comrade's prayer.—Sergeant May Lang.

### Peterboro, B.C.

We had, as usual, a "field day" at Oak Bay on May 24th, and enjoyed ourselves as Salvationsists can. Great preparations are being made in all circles for the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria, after whom our city is named. The Salvation Army forces will not be behind in their "big day." We expect a visit from Brigadier Howell, and are eager to give him a hearty welcome to British Columbia.

A. E. T.

### Brandon.

Great victories accomplished for God while the devil was at the races. Openings all day, led by Captains Branigan, McGill, Maloyen, Burns and Cromarty, also Lieutenant Glover. Soldiers from surrounding Corps assisting. In the evening we had a special meeting, led by Capt. MacNumura. An address of welcome presented to him from the Officers of the District. Wound up with three souls. Hallelujah!—Capt. Branigan, Lieut. Stobbs.

### Hamilton, Bermuda.

Sunday, May 16th, a glorious day; started with 5 a.m. knee-drill; 50 out on the beach. Five souls joined us during the week at Warwick, St. George and North Side, Pembroke. Last Sunday, two backsliders came back to Jesus and some for a higher and closer communion with the Master. We have fifteen souls saved since the Major left us. We are not dead!—Adjutant DesBriay, Captain Johnson, Smith, Porphy.

### Montreal I.

Farewell to the old Hall last Sunday, amidst great rejoicing; good meetings in my office during the afternoon: one at mid-day. Played up on the organ, hymns and anthems of blessings received in the old barracks, also a thank offering taken up. We will be out for about one month, then we come back into brand new hall, which will be a beauty, seating about 400 to 500; also there will be a saving of about \$300 per year in fuel for heating.—F. R. B.

### Montreal.

The noted String Band has been travelling through the Montreal District. HOWICK was the first place on the list. The people were very kind to us, and a real good time was spent. Then on to ORMOND, Saturday and Sunday, and although the people were very wretched, which hindered us some, but still we had a good number present, and everybody was delighted with the band. Next we went to ALONE for Saturday, Sunday and Monday, and although the people were very poor, the band was appreciated in many ways. God blessed us and made us a blessing. Monday afternoon we had a little meeting in the prison and trust some impressions were left there, which will make the lives of those inmates better.

From here we went out to a little country place, (CHARLIE FALLS) where two rental, profitable nights were spent, and five souls saved. Talk about kindness!

we got it in showers at this place. The Rev. Mr. Best and Dr. Harwood had alt arrangements made—hall free, billets provided, and did their best to make the meetings a success. We had a beautiful time—up to everybody who was interested and head-over-heels in love with the band. Thank you all for your kindness. May Heaven's blessing rest upon you!

They travelled on to OGDENSBURG, where we played. Shout met us.

A very wet night, but the people were and were almost tickled to death by the Musical Wonder, (Captain Bearchell). He is a band in himself. Then Captain Bryan, the fair-haired boy, he excelled. Lieutenant E. Green and Green make the violin speak and Lieutenant M. Phillips sings from a heart filled with God's love. Then who has not heard of Lieutenant Downey, the Bandmistress? God is using her music and song to pull down the powers of darkness and sin. The more a person is with the band the more you love them.—J. Coombs, D. O.

## HOW EVANSTON CASE WAS QUASHED.

### A Lieutenant-Colonel and Three Recruiters to the Rescue.

The legal difficulty at Evanston over the question of open-air work is now a victorious fact of the past. The dismissal of the case against our laistic Officers in that Cleage submitted for singing on the streets seems largely due to the brave and shrewd defence of Lieutenant-Col. Brewer. His eloquent speech in the Court was no doubt the cause of the highest favour by The Chicago Times.

columns to the proceedings. Intense excitement was created when the Lieutenant-Colonel, to demonstrate "the right of the Salvation Army did," produced a sack containing three pistols and narrated in graphic language how each had come into the Army's possession. The history of the second revolver we give in an extract from the above-named newspaper:

"The second revolver was taken from the pocket of a man determined to kill him. Brewer had the eyes of the jury stinging as he held up the incident. The man lived in Boston. He had a bad business, but he started down. All his trade slipped off his fingers, and from a force of thirteen men he found his shop occupied by an office boy and nothing in the way of a friend. The man begged Brewer to find him another job, and Brewer knew that the man had a revolver in his pocket and was expecting to kill himself as soon as he should become sufficiently recovered from his business. Brewer saw the plan. Brewer searched all Boston and finally found him in a dive. He begged the man to leave him, and at the point of yielding he threw his hand toward his hip pocket with the intention of drawing his gun and firing it in air on the spot. Brewer seized the man and followed him a furious scuffle. Beware now. He who follows the man comes finally to his senses he was in the barracks of the Salvation Army. He was repented. He is now back to the point at which he drifted—a man with a big business. Would the jury like to see the revolver which would have slain a good man had it not been for the Salvation Army?"

## THE COUNCILLOR GAVE \$25.00.

THE GENERAL relates the following interesting item in connection with the conversion of a noted character named Harry Barnes:

"A Town Counsellor present at one of the meetings, on being appealed to concerning the salvation of Barnes, replied that he was all right, unless they could get that man saved, pointing to Barnes, he would stand a five-pound note. There were difficulties in the way, a fine of £5, £6, or fourteen days' being having been imposed on Barnes, which he must pay on the following day or go to prison. This fine the Captain offered to pay, but Harry would not have it. He said that he had not got converted for that. If he could not find the money he would go to Peterborough and work it out there. The Captain said the Minister had got an extension of time, Harry went to work and paid the money. The next day Barnes was sworn in under the flag with a great salvo of volleys and much satisfaction."

COMING SOON!—"SERVING POVERTY'S GREY HAIRS." A touching sketch of life amongst Toronto's poor, by A. L. P.



Sergt. Bell, Hamilton, Ber.	250	Sister J. Wilson, Montreal I.
Capt. McIntyre, Halifax 1.	200	Sister Blakesley, Moncton.
Capt. Hill, Pictou.	150	Sister Crossman, Moncton.
Capt. McQueen, Moncton.	150	Mrs. Gilles, Yorkville.
Sergt. McQueen, Moncton.	150	Capt. Stephens, Windsor.
Mrs. Ainslie Creighton, Brantford.	120	Sister Fraizer, Pictou, N. S.
Capt. Nickel, Ampryor, (2 weeks)	120	Sister Nugent, St. John III.
Father Armstrong, St. John III.	120	Brother Long, Liverpool.
Capt. Croce, Quebec.	100	Brother Farlow, Ridgewood.
Capt. French, Ottawa.	100	Adjt. Moore, Riverside.
Lieut. McDonald, Ampryor.	100	Adjt. Mrs. Creighton, Halifax I.
Capt. Phillips, Vancouver.	100	Sergt. Stephens, Riverside.
Mr. Medlock, Richmond Street.	100	
Lieut. Thoen, Dillon.	100	
Adjt. Mudge, Montreal.	100	
Lieut. Latimer, Montreal.	100	
George Hartley, Newf. I.	100	
Aggie MacLean, Charlottetown.	100	
Cadet Braund, Winnipeg.	100	
Mrs. Ensign Edwards, Fredericton.	100	
Sergt.-Major Lean, St. John I., N. B.	100	
Lieut. Patten, Morrisburg (2 weeks).	100	
Capt. Root, Morrisburg.	100	
Capt. Pringle, Brockville.	100	
Lieut. Bent, Rat Portage.	100	
Sergt. Terry, Lindsay.	100	
Cadet Lloyd, Winnipeg.	100	
Mrs. Gregory, Fredericton.	100	
Capt. McKay, Rat Portage.	100	
Capt. Hulme, Rat Portage.	100	
Jenny Jones, Cornwall.	100	
Capt. Bentley, Brantford.	100	
Mrs. Barber, Kingston.	100	
Capt. Moffat, Vancouver.	100	
Ensign Wynn, Collingwood.	100	
Lieut. Tweed (2 weeks).	100	
Lieut. Young, St. John, N. S.	100	
Sergt. James Moore, Halifax I.	100	
Mr. Adjt. Arkett, St. Thomas.	100	
Capt. Isaacson, Culver.	100	
Capt. Branigan, Brandon.	100	
Alice Henderson, Brandon.	100	
Lieut. McNeil, Newport.	100	
Mr. Newman, Newport.	100	
Lieut. Martin, Bridgetown.	100	
Sergt. McDowell, Goderich.	100	
Capt. Greene, Campbellford.	100	
John Hiteks, Stratford.	100	
Annie Smith, Goderich.	100	
Mrs. S. Hecton, Fredericton.	100	
Ann Steadland, Brantford.	100	
Lieut. Stobie, Brandon.	100	
Cadet Hamilton, Fredericton.	100	
Cadet Prentiss, East Westover.	100	
Cadet Hunt, Whitchurch.	100	
Mrs. Eustace McIarach, Bobcaygeon.	100	
Mrs. Yale, Ottawa.	100	
Capt. Ollis, Yorkville.	100	
Sergt. Gamble, Summer-side.	100	
Ensign Kendall, Brantville.	100	
Mrs. Capo, Brantford.	100	
Capt. McNaughton, Hamilton, Ber.	100	
Capt. Stollhoff, Riverdale.	100	
Capt. Dwyer, Keeewatin.	100	
Capt. Lorimer, Moncton.	100	
Sister F. Ross, Harris.	100	
Brother Rivers, Moncton I.	100	
Sister Mary Gilmore, Simcoe.	100	
Anna Carter, Ridge-town.	100	
Lieut. Gross, Napine.	100	
Lieut. Gatzke, Gall.	100	
Gus Vallis, Hamilton, Ber.	100	
Lieut. Cook, Enterprise.	100	
Capt. McNeil, Whitchurch.	100	
Sister Sophia Ar, Minot, N. D.	100	
Lieut. Dickens, Montreal I.	100	
Cadet Meredith, Winnipeg.	100	
Sergt. Smith, Hamilton, Ber.	100	
Mrs. Simons, Kingston.	100	
Emily Thompson, Riverton.	100	
Col. Morrison, Goderich.	100	
Capt. McLeod, Goderich.	100	
Sister Godard, Kingston.	100	
Mrs. Thomson, Napine.	100	
Mother Lester, Montreal I.	100	
Capt. Taylor, Napine.	100	
Hannah Mattice, Cornwall.	100	
Mrs. Lyons, Fredericton.	100	
George Pickering, Hamilton, Ber.	100	
Capt. Brooks, Hamilton.	100	
Capt. Ross, Moncton.	100	
Lieut. McNeilly, Whitchurch.	100	
Ensign O'rear, Galt.	100	
Lieut. Smith, Lindsay.	100	
Lieut. Peneau, Pictou.	100	
Hurdie McNamee, Kingston.	100	
Annie Downes, Kincardine.	100	
Adjt. Arkett, St. Thomas.	100	
W. Dunn, Moncton.	100	
Edith Lindsay, Paris.	100	
Annie Blakely, Paris.	100	
Buster Dingle, Paris.	100	
Brother Hart, St. John I., N. B.	100	
Sister Michiel, Barrie.	100	
Sister Goodall, Moncton.	100	
Sister Bone, Barrie.	100	
Mrs. Jenkinson, Pictou, Ont.	100	
George McNaughton, Belleville.	100	
Sergt. McNaughton, Hamilton, Ber.	100	
Ensign Kerr, Ottawa.	100	
Sister Cole, Montreal I.	100	
Cadet Davidson, Winnipeg.	100	
Mary White, Kincardine.	100	
Wm. Womack, Galt.	100	
Brother Douglas, Cornwall.	100	
Jennie Gilben, Ottawa.	100	

## ADVANCE!

An splendid increase in the numbers of the Honor Roll informs us this page. The conquering hundreds are increasing. We should like to see the twenties crowning up faster. Look at the dusty steeds of the front ranks, Comrades all! Are you war your way up there? A splendid PUSH will burst barriers and thrust aside difficulties.

The fall of the mighty is seen this week in Sergeant Fred Bell's 250. Now, Sergeant, we cannot believe that you are going to rest contented to drop from your front rank position.

If names go for anything, then the two McQueens of Windsor and Moncton respectively, are to be congratulated for getting first place on the roll. At present the Windsor Boomer is twenty ahead. Is this distance unpassable, Sergeant of Moncton?

It names go for anything, then the two

McQueens of Windsor and Moncton re-

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ting first place on the roll. At pres-

ent the Windsor Boomer is twenty

ahead. Is this distance unpassable, Ser-

geant of Moncton?

Though some are out of sight from our Honor Roll this week, Comrades are not out of mind. Unfortunately, some of the post-cards had missing the important details of either the name of seller or Corps, while a few were written in such hieroglyphics that the Editorial board could only

puzzle them out. Is this the reason your card did not appear—or has your com-

munication been lost in the post?

There is a good increase in the number of Crys sold in saloons and on the street this week. Mrs. Adjutant Phillips, of Vancouver, sold 50 in the former. Fire off the Cry Maxim gun before the enemy's own cannon!

Written Captain Gregg, of Quebec: "A British bought 120 Yar Crys from me just week to take with him on board ship. He was going to the Jubilee." Good! The War Cry is a capital travelling companion, and opens up numberless opportunities to the worker for God and souls for dealing with fellow-travellers.

Captain Smith, of Newmarket, is a system War Cry seller, and sells on an average fifteen in a factory each week, and sold as many as nineteen in one hotel. She sells thirty on the market every Saturday and the balance to regular customers. Mrs. Bowmerman reads 500 twenty-five copies per week. Why not increase your order, Captain, and have some on hand for the week-end.

Most of the European sovereigns are early risers. The Emperor of Austria rises at 4:30 a.m. in the summer and 6 a.m. in the winter. The Empress rises at 4 o'clock. The King of Spain rises at 5 o'clock, and often starts out for his morning ride at 6. The King of Italy, Roumania and Sweden and Norway rise at 6 o'clock. The Queen and Queen Regent of Holland are also very early risers. The late Dom Pedro of Brazil rose all records by rising, before 4 a.m. in the heat of the day for the up-coming and visiting his friends between 4 and 5.

## Montreal's Special Meetings

CONDUCTED BY MRS. BRIGADIER READ.

A very interesting series of meetings has just been brought to a close in the City of Montreal. They have been conducted by Mrs. Read, in the interests of the Women's Social Work, and with the opening of the new Home.

The first meeting of the series was held on Saturday evening, May 20th, at the celebrated "Joe Beef's," where Ensign and Mrs. Ross are making the desert bloom in their new home. The second meeting was Sunday all day at the Temple, from morning until late at night the boom of the gospel canon was to be heard. In the Holiness meeting one dear sister who had been keeping silent for the entire service, and numbered all, and received the promised blessing and power for service, and in the afternoon was among those enrolled in the League of Mercy, also in the evening she came with beaming face, looking spotless and soul to the Service.

In the afternoon, Mrs. Read spoke on the League of Mercy. Some half-dozen Sisters were commissioned for this work.

Mrs. Ensign Ross, in addition to her many other duties, will take charge, and we are sure good work will be done.

It was most impressive and touching scene. The Sisters stood wearing white ribbon with "Mercy" in red letters across their breast. They sang together "Scatter Seeds of Kindness," and with the Soldiers in the background and the colors waving overhead, Mrs. Read dedicated the workers to the prison and hospital ward ministries.

God bless our dear Montreal Comrades who, in spite of their difficulties, still march on, proclaiming a full and free Salvation for all. At the close of the evening meeting, two precious souls were at Jesus' feet.

Monday p. m. about twenty Officers sat down to a beautiful tea prepared by Ensign Holman and her co-workers in the

## What

People  
Say

ABOUT  
OUR

Tailoring  
Goods.

The following Testimonials have been received within one week and are unsolicited:

Vancouver Sheiter says: "I received the suit all O.K., and it fits nicely. I am well pleased with it. God bless you!"

"ENS. WM. PATTERSON."

June 1st, 1897.

Staff-Captain Horn:

My dear Staff-Captain:—I am very pleased to inform you that my suit has arrived safe, thanking you for the promptness in filling the order.

Permit me to say I strongly recommend and endorse what you say to the goods, No. 23. I have with much satisfaction for the past twelve months patronized goods sold by Headquarters, with good results, but none I like better than this suit. Your stores deserve the full confidence of every Officer and Soldier in our ranks. God bless you much!

Faithfully yours to help,  
JOHN S. GALE,  
Adjutant.

St. John, N. B.

My dear Comrade: My suit arrived before the day expected. It fits splendidly. Not a fault to find. Perfectly satisfied.

Yours sincerely,

P. H. PARSONS, Capt.

Carleton, N. B.

My dear Comrade: I am well pleased with my suit. It fits very good. Like the material, too, and am sure it will give satisfaction.

FRED KNIGHT, Captain.

—| III |—

St. John, N. B.

Dear Comrade: Thanks for promptness in sending my tunic. It arrived sooner than I expected. I am pleased with it in every respect. Fits perfectly.

Yours faithfully,

JAMES EDGETT, Sec., No. 5.

—| III |—

Dear Comrade: I was somewhat afraid to give my order for a tunic, thinking it might not fit, but am glad I did. I am delighted with it. Would recommend the St. John Comrades to let Ensign Adams measure them if they want a good fit.

W. WONNACOTT.

—| III |—

For full particulars write to your P.O., or direct to the

## TRADE SECRETARY,

12 Albert Street,  
TORONTO.

The steam Yacht Ellipse, owned by E. Burgess Warren, of Philadelphia, covered a mile on the Hudson recently in 1 minute 42 seconds.

As a recognition of his services to the cause, the Armenians have sent to Mr. Gladstone, ex-Patriarch of the Armenians in Turkey. The gesture is accompanied by an address from the Guild of St. George, the Illuminator, and is described as "a token of respectful gratitude and affectionate regard."

[SERIAL STORY.]

# THE SIGN OF THE CROSS.

## Chapter VI.—Maggie Anderson's Darts.

**T**HE PRESENCE of Maggie Anderson in the center of the space which Salvation Army evangelists styles a ring had a most remarkable effect upon the crowd. So long as the leading part of these open-air attacks was confined to the Captain and Lieutenant, the rough element indulged in a free and joyful outburst of tongue and wit, with equal disdain toward the antics of the Army as what might be expected from "half-brained ignoramuses from the South!"

## A Testimony that Petrifies.

But here was the daughter of an honored and respected citizen, as well as a devout Christian, who, identifying herself as the strongest possible opponent to this strange movement, never did calm follow storm so suddenly as did the bust which gave place to the turbulent eries of the people when Maggie Anderson—eyes crossed, head raised, and face bright with a smile—radiantly stepped forward and said, "I praise the Lord for being counted worthy to testify to God's saving grace in the streets of my native town."

Every tongue was silent and necks were strained in the direction. The little company of critics who had come from the back parlor of the "Bull Inn" were dumbfounded—Dick Winter was petrified, and even Sim was struck with amazement.

"What's the world coming to?" he gasped. "One moment we'd draggin' o' Legion down th' gutter, the next takin' the preachin' to howlin' mobs? Maggie Anderson," and Sim's voice here sank to a whisper, "does your father ken o' this?" But let Maggie herself speak:

"My soul is free! I have tasted the sweet o' Divine Grace, and proved that the devil is not so strong as he's thought to be, when faced with the Blood of Jesus and the power o' the Holy Ghost!

"Yo'ken me. I b'lieve been what is called a big sinner, nor run wif' the giddy muttins to do evil; but I felt the load o' my sin on me, and I went to the same place where the poor drunkard and the chief o' blackguards find the mercy of the Lord." ("Hallelujah!" from the little band).

## And Then Pierces!

"Dinna be deceived, freens. Be warned by me. Some trust to their knowledge, some to their wealth, some to their riches, and some to their notions of the salvation that Jesus died to purchase for them. I trusted to the cheap rags o' self-righteousness—to my Bible-reading, Church-going, and good deeds, and wis nae fit for it. If there was any difference it was only in name and form. In reality, my heart wis a stranger to the peace which springs from an assurance that your sins are washed awa'. I believed in God, but I didn't love him. I believed in God, but I was born bitterless. I'm tellin' you, freens, what minis wus. May I ask what yours is?"

And here Maggie Anderson was compelled to stop speaking. A big lorry was coming in the direction of the inn, which compelled the people to surge round the entrance.

As Maggie was pushed by the company she came to the rescue of Richard Winter. Remembering the past relations in which these young people stood, it would not have been surprising had Maggie Anderson retired among the crowd and made the interruption a reason for ending her testimony. But no, she had a message from God which felt compelled to deliver it. As soon, then, as the vehicle passed, this brave Scotch lass, made bold as she conquered a natural inclination to say no more, resumed—

"I'm speakin' to some within the reach o' my voice who think that The Salvation Army is the best thing in the world. You friends—that the excuse cannae disclose the ugly, terrible truth that you stand in mail need o' the forgiveness o' your sins than the drunkard who will red bum to-night, blasphemin' God and man! He cannot make a virtue o' his conduct, but he can make it look to ken better—imagine that your character—a poor thing at the best—dinae need cleansing by the blood o' th' Lamb. Ooh, dinna be deceived. We're no' preachin' ourselves. We are na' better by nature, than others. Perhaps we're a' born sinners, but you need Christ. Without His love and mercy, there's naething but a life o' dispairment for ye, and hell at last. W' Christ, there's Heaven here and Heaven for ever. Aye, the very trials that pull flesh and blood are here to earn droun the soul in despair, if Christ inhabits the heart."

## The Effect!

The audience, by this time, was as silent as if they were in church, and in fact had remained so for an indefinite length

of time had not the Captain started the chorus:—

"He's the Lily of the Valley."

The hilarious spirit of the crowd broke out afresh, and after a brief announcement that "the devil would be exposed in 'the People's Hall to-night' and that "the people would come—especially the worst"—the little Army twelve in number—moved toward Wide Street, singing,

"We're bound for the land of the pure and the holy."

"Well, what do you think of that, Master Giddens?" asked Sims, in a softer tone than usual.

"Man," said this local authority on constitutional methods, "it fairly bubbles me. There's main natural eloquence in that lassie Anderson than in a' the dominies o' the room."

"Fash, man to regular Sim angrily, "it's her bonnie face and faultsmanship that has bamboozled ye. What think ye, Mr. Winter?"

Richard Winter's face were an expression of wonderment thus addressed. Sim would quick to discern it.

"Are you losing your manly independence of thought, Mr. Winter?" asked Sim.

"I hope not," said Mr. Winter, quietly.

"Then what do you think of that rag-trotter—call religion?"

"Do you want my candid criticism?"

"Of course."

"Then I have never seen religion till to-night."

"Gracious me!" ejaculated the coal merchant, in surprise.

"Why it is simply this—this is a religion with a cross in it. What but a passion for humanity's best interests, as they conceive them, could induce these people to incur the odium and persecution of the people? The story they tell is that of the truly diligent and devout of Christianity, and if anyone would be enlisted to make him a worshipper and a slave of Christ, it would be what I have seen to-night. To me it is the clearest sign of the Cross that I have seen yet!"

(To be continued.)



JULY 4th.

## FATHER'S GOOD COUNSEL.

Proverbs iii. 1-3.

**T**HIS lesson is chiefly one of precept and promise. A certain line of action is laid down, and the course suitably explained. The first ten verses are devoted to an exhortation to faith, obedience and devotion. The following two verses speak of patience, and the remainder of the lesson is a description of wisdom—its attribute, power, relationship to mankind, and its benefits.

## "KEEP MY COMMANDMENTS."

This is not an exhortation to mere outward obedience, but a heart service. God wants and will have none other than that worship which begins at the heart. Professions, pretensions, professions, are not pleasing to him unless the heart is right towards Him.

## "LENGTH OF DAYS."

This is a promise to those who render themselves upright. Life and peace are two of God's best gifts. Salvation always brings peace, and often a righteous life brings increased length of years.

## TRUTH.

This is the first principle of righteousness, and should be cultivated in character and in heart. Truth should become so a part of our nature that we should be willing to suffer for it as in the case of the martyrs of olden days when people went to the stake for the lions, and kinds of torture for the sake of God's truth. Are we brave enough to bear some persecution for its sake?

## "THOU SHALT FIND FAVOR."

A conscientious man, woman or child will always be found to be well respected for their uprightness and their fidelity to the right. They will be conscious of the favor of God, and more or less ultimately secure the favors of man. But we must be careful to please God not to please men. We must be true hearted and character we cannot help manufacturing it to those around us.

## "TRUST IN THE LORD."

Trust is that quality which relies upon the truth of another. He who has been respected for their uprightness and their fidelity to the right. They will be conscious of the favor of God, and more or less ultimately secure the favors of man. But we must be careful to please God not to please men. We must be true hearted and character we cannot help manufacturing it to those around us.

## "TRUST IN THE LORD."

Trust is that quality which relies upon the truth of another. He who has been

or bridge—in fact, we cannot go on a day without exercising this confidence. God wants us to trust Him. He deserves to be trusted, and to be trusted with our all.

## "ACKNOWLEDGE HIM."

Wherever you go remember that God is your Father and acknowledge Him as such. He is interested in all your ways, loves you, and takes interest in childish pleasures and youthful fears. Even the little ones who have just learned to walk come on Christmas Day, prayed in faith and was rewarded, and learned a beautiful lesson of simple trust that will strengthen her faith for years to come.

## WISDOM.

Wisdom is not book knowledge nor mental education only. Many may climb to the highest pinnacle of fame, education or business, and yet miss God's plan for them. True wisdom begins with the fear of the Lord, and He will educate the soul in every education that is more precious than all that the world can offer. The path of such wisdom is the path of safety:

## "THY FOOT SHALL NOT STUMBLE."

The road of straightness lies not in a smooth path, or, at least, not a path that are straight to reach life's rough ways, being shod with Gospel preparation. It is those who tamper with sin who stumble. Falsehood, love of dress, pleasure, deceit, love of admiration, pride, temperance are some of the causes of stumbling:

## "THOU SHALT NOT BE AFRAID."

Fearlessness characterizes good people. Fear is the bondage of wrong-doing. Good people are strong.

## SWEET SLEEP.

Only possible to the righteous. No terror with the nightfall, no remorse, no regrets, no fear of death, no apprehension of coming judgment. And the last sleep of the righteous shall be as peaceful.

## QUESTIONS.

1. What doest truth for a man?
2. What is true wisdom?
3. Why do souls stumble?
4. What kind of peace have the righteous?

## MEMORY TEXT.

"Be not wise in thine own eyes, fear the Lord and depart from evil."



## To Parents, Relations and Friends:

We will search for missing or runaway relatives in any part of the globe; boyfriend, or assist, if possible, wronged girls, women, or children, or any person in difficulty. Address, COMMISSIONER EVA BOOTH, 16 Albert Street, Toronto, Canada, and mark, "Edition on the reverse."

If possible, send fifty cents to defray a part of the expenses.

We will be glad if our Officers, Soldiers and friends will look through the Missing Column regularly, and if they see any cases which they could help us with, we would be pleased if they would do so.

—♦—

(Second insertion).

1954. WILLIAM HENRY ASKELL, age 81, and Mrs. Robert Anderson, NEE ASKELL, are missing from their home, formerly 105 Mack Lane, Finsbury, England. Was farming in Canada 14 years ago.

1955. THOMAS SOYER, age 38; tall, stout, light complexion; dark hair and eyes; was in Grand Forks, N. D., in 1892. Baker or cook by trade.

1956. JOHN ROADLEY. Left Regina, N. W. T., about six years ago. Last heard from was at Bingham, Nottinghamshire, England.

1957. SARAH LEE. Last heard from was at Ottawa, Ont. Age, about 22.

1958. PETER MUNRO, Age, 37; about 6 ft. high; fair complexion. Last heard from at Moosomin, N. W. T. His mother enquires.

1959. ALBERT RAND and sister, HARRIET RAND; beloved by their father, E. S. Rand, to be somewhere in Nova Scotia.

1960. JOHN FRANCES PERRY (commonly known as Fred Perry). Last heard from was at Calgary, N. W. T. American Cry please copy.

1961. ARTHUR H. SMITH. Last heard from in 1893; was then at Victoria, B. C. His mother enquires.

1962. MARY ANN CURRIE. Married a Mr. Thomas Patterson. Last heard from two years ago; was living then at Anchorage, Her nieces enquires.

1963. JOHN ROBERT FUDGE. Was

last heard from in November, 1892; was then living on London Street, Toronto, Ontario, for British Columbia. His sister enquires.

1964. MRS. KATE GRAPES, Acc. 60; white hair. Was living at West Bromwich, West Bromwich, with her two daughters in 1892. Spoke of going South. Her husband's name is Samuel Grapes.

1965. ELIZABETH JENKINS and PHILIP JENKINS. Last heard from was in New Brunswick, near Fredericton, six years ago.

1966. ALFRED HOWEY. Last heard from was at Ottawa, Ont., four years ago. His mother enquires.

1967. WILLIAM RUFF. Left St. Helens, Jersey, for Newfoundland, 35 years ago. When last heard from was in the Salvation Army. Married a Captain Wilson. His mother enquires.

1968. LEVEE WILLIAMS. Had forty-three years fair complexion; inclined to be sandy; high shoulders. Carpenter. Left Burnsbury, 1873; supposed to have joined the police force. At one time was living at Westminster. Something to his advantage awaits him. May have gone abroad.

1969. MARSHALL, HENRY CHARLES. Aged fifty; medium height; fair; grey eyes; short thick hair; bald on top of head. Last seen at South Hackney, London, England, June, 1894. May have gone to Australia. Brother Alfred dead. Foreign "Crys" please copy.

1970. MARGUERITE BECK. Her son, William Beck, enquires. Once lived at Queensgate, London, S. W., England; then sailed to New York. New York Cry please copy.

1971. YOUNG, ALFRED SAMUEL. Left England about 16 years ago. Last heard from eight years ago. Was then at Prescott, Arizona, U. S. If he will write to his sister, Sophie, 100, Northgate, Totnes, Devonshire, England, or to his brother, William H. Young, Vancouver, C. B., he will hear of something to his advantage. New York and San Francisco Cry please copy.

—♦—

(First insertion).

1972. HEATH, LOTTIE, alias LOTTIE RANKIN, alias LOTTIE WEEKS. Left Montreal in February, 1894, with a travelling troupe as a singer and dancer. Last known address North Adams, Mass. Mother enquires.

1973. FOWLER, EMMA, now MRS. GREERLEY. 5 ft. 6 in. High. This and fair; 26 years old. Her husband was clerk, reporter on an Oregon paper in 1894. Mother enquires.

1974. ROLLINGS, MRS. SARAH. Maiden name MONCK. Age, over 70. Formerly of Buckland, near Portsmouth, England. Last seen a year ago on a train between Winnipeg and Beaujeour. Has two sons, Albert and Alfred. Brother enquires.

1975. GROOMBRIDGE, E. J. Once connected with the Army in Toronto. Supposed to have gone to Quebec. His Toronto address was 31 Foxley Street. It is of financial interest to him. Write him.

1976. SPENCER, SILAS. Left Acadia University, Nova Scotia, ten years ago. Last heard of two months ago at Ilfracombe, B. C. Miner. Medium height, dark complexion; black moustache; black curly hair. Mother enquires.

1977. HARRIS, J. E., who left Ottawa two months ago, please communicate with me. His whereabouts is anxious as to his whereabouts. Information respecting him will be thankfully received.

WANTED—Information of Dougald MacDonald, MacLean, tall, with light hair, blue eyes, 5 ft. 10 in. Height. Butterfield, June 10th, 1896. Any one knowing of his whereabouts, write Mrs. Bridgeman Read, Salvation Temple, Toronto.

Charlottetown

Musical Meeting a roaring success, blessing both those who took part, and those who listened. Plentiful soloists, quartettes, rousing Salvation songs. Sir James Barnes Bradford and Daniel's band. Tickets nil. Receipts and receipts beyond calculation. Captain Clark, of steamer Irene Morris. In port, the Captain is Scotch. God bless him! The quarters are the better for his visit by the good people here. I am sure we owe, by much sympathy and encouragement, both in word and kind, Children's Jubilee away up in G double sharp. (See Young Soldier.) Added to these victories have been the souls, and that is half of all. Officers, laymen, and laywomen. We honor Endino Hendrie, Captain Sabine, and Lieutenant Coolen. The Lord bless them! Major here next week. Look out for red hot news.

"I AM GOD all-sufficient," said the Lord to Abraham. Is He the same to you?

HEAVEN'S gates are wide enough to admit of every sinner, but too narrow to admit of any saint.



NEW WESTMINSTER CORPS—Capt. Burton and Lieut. Myers in Charge.

## SONGS FOR ALL PEOPLE.

Sinner, Here's a Song for You,  
Poor Backsider, Sing No. 5.  
Songs for Singing Salvationists.

These Songs are the unaided efforts of S. T. S., a boy of nine.

Tunes.—Auld Lang Syne, or Sacred Hope, B. J., 3; In Memoriam, B. J., 38; Behold, the Saviour, or Drink to me only with thine eyes, B. J. 92; 3; Bright Crowns, B. J., 99, 1.

1 Oh, Lord, I own my heart's not right, I'm what I should be, My soul is dark, but Thee art Light, Thy light now give to me.

Chorus.

I do believe, I will believe, In Thy Almighty power ; I now let go all unbelief, I'll trust Thee from this hour.

Oh, Lord, within I'm full of strife, I long to be free ; I want to live a holy life, The power must come from Thee.

A life that's blameless I would live, Before Thee every hour ; Just now, oh, Lord, unto me give Thy overcoming power.

Second Chorus.

I do believe, I will believe, Thou givest me the power That will enable me to live A blameless life each hour.

Tunes.—Behold, behold, B. J., 277; What's the news ? B. J., 12, 3; Come to Me, B. J., 102; Christ for me, B. J., 308.

2 Jesus, Thy purity bestow, Through the Blood ! The power of perfect cleansing show, Through the Blood !

Take every spot of sin away, Within my heart forever stay, Give me full victory every day, Through the Blood !

Increase the faith that conquers doubt, Through the Blood ! Cast every evil passion out, Through the Blood !

Give me the power to master wrong, Against the foe to march along,

With holy vigor make me strong, Through the Blood !

Give me the love that never dies, Through the Blood !

That will Thy cross and passion prize, Through the Blood !

Help me to conquer Satan's host, And keep me faithful to my post,

Anoint me with Thy Holy Ghost, Through the Blood !

—o—o—

Tune.—Over Jordan, B. J., 17.

3 I'm a Soldier in the fight, Battling for the Lord and right,

Living always in the light, Through believing.

Not through good that I have done, But through Jesus, God's dear Son,

For the victory He has won, Through believing.

Chorus.

Keep believing, keep believing, For on Calvary's rugged tree,

Jesus died to set you free ;

Keep believing, keep believing, Then we'll gain the victory, Keep believing.

Though the road be rather rough, And the fight is rather tough, Yet I'll stand and stand enough, Through believing.

He has trod the path before, And His promises are sure, If I to the end endure, I'm believing.

—o—o—

Tune.—Oh, turn ye.

4 Oh, sinner, arouse ye, awake from your dream, You're heedlessly sailing along with the stream :

Soon you will land where no lifeboat can And cry out for ever, "I'm lost and undone !"

To sleep while the tempest is raging around, Men's death to your soul while there's life to be found ;

Entire separation from God and His love, No place in the mansions of glory above, But, sinner, there's mercy in Jesus for you, The souldon's now passing—get in with the crowd ; There's safety in Jesus, He stands by the ears, And safely He'll land you on Canaan's bright shores.

—o—o—

Tune.—Home, Sweet Home, B. J., 54.

5 Poor prodigal, come back to your home,

Why will you sin and in wretchedness roam ?

Why will you be staring on husks, with the swine, While Jesus can feed you with food that's divine ?

Chorus.

Come home ! Come home !

Return to your Father,

Come back to your home.

Your Father is waiting with arms open wide,

To wash your heart white in the sin-cleansing tide :

He's waiting to give you the kiss of His love,

And fit you on earth to be with Him above.

Say, "I will arise, to my Father I'll go,"

And if you repent, He His mercy will show,

He'll freely forgive you, forget all your past,

And give you a joy that for ever shall last.

—o—o—

Tune.—Numberless as the sands on the sea-shore.

6 Oh, the angels rejoice up in glory, As before Christ the Lord they stand ;

And Salvation to God is their story, They sing of the Blood of the Lamb.

Chorus.

Wonderful is the joy of salvation,

Wonderful is the joy of the Lord :

A joy that can't be told,

In the joy of saving souls,

Wonderful is the joy of salvation.

There was gladness on Calvary's mountain,

When the Lord heard the penitent's cry;

And when cleansing is wrought in the fountain,

The soldiers aloud shout for joy.

There is joy over prodigals weeping, Over tears of repentence that flow, There is joy when on Jesus believing, The soldiers are washed white as snow.

There is joy over soldiers uniting, Over those who their colors will show ; There is joy in the battles we're fighting, There'll be joy when to Glory we go.

## THAT PIPE AGAIN.

ENSIGN W. H. BURROWS, Quebec.

**A** GENTLEMAN of this city gave his heart to God some years ago, and feeling that it was wrong to use tobacco, handed it, with his pipe, to his wife to destroy, but she, thinking the pipe was such a valuable and too good to destroy, wrapped it up nicely and placed it away out of sight. Some two years elapsed when it occasioned her husband to be searching in the bureaux for a required article, when he heard this strange little parcel never known before. He opened it and there, before him was his once cherished idol ; but, alas, his two years' forsaken enemy was unfolded to his downfall, for in that self-same hour the man of God fell from grace, and has never returned. The guilt rests upon his wife, who exclaims : "Oh, that I destroyed the pipe !"

Christian professor, are you covering up some cherished sin or idol, thinking that it will never harm you ? If so, take warning and destroy now !

Sacrifice, amongst other things, consists in the renunciation of some legitimate good, or of something that one has the right to possess, in order to serve God better, and be more free to work for the salvation of souls.

It has been remarked that a number of Officers and Soldiers have got into the bad habit of addressing Officers by their surname instead of their title, or of being **WRONG**. Always when speaking to, or writing to, an Officer, give them their title—Agitator.

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